Vol. XLII. No. 1105

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

ANOTHER BATCH OF 106 CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS.

SEE PAGE 2.

I TRY TO BE A NOBLE SCOUT -
AND FAITHFULLY TO HEED
AND CARRY OUT EACH DAY - THE RULE,
TO DO A KINDLY DEED.

AND WHEN I MEET A PERSON WHO
LOOKS FULL OF PAINS AND ACHES,
I GIVE HIM VERY GOOD ADVICE.
WHICH HEN - OF COURSE - HE TAKES.

THE REMEDY I TELL HIM OF.
WILL MAKE HIM FREE FROM PAIN
AND SICKNESS - SO THAT HE'LL BE
WELL AND HEARTY ONCE AGAIN.

'BE PREPARED'S OUR MOTTO - FOR
COMBATING MANY ILLS.
AVOID DISEASE - ENSURE GOOD HEALTH
BY TAKING BEECHAM'S PILLS.

— Beecham's Pills

Another batch of 106 Cheques to 'John Bull' Registered Readers

Owing to lack of space, we publish the names of a few only who have claimed under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift this week.

FIRE UP TO £400

AYLESBURY, BUCKS.—Mr. G. H. HANEY, 45, Walton Street.
LOWER BLANTYRE, LANARK.—Mr. B. DONNELLY, 8, Rosebank Avenue.
KIDDERMINSTER, WORCS.—Mrs. N. STEWARD, 179, Broadwatters.
MUSSELBURGH, SCOTLAND.—Mr. WM. J. DICKSON, 56, High Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. R. K. CARPENTER, Chais Ville, 11a, Whitworth Road, Bitterne Park.
WARRENPOINT, CO. DOWN.—Mrs. H. A. BRADY, 45, Beatrice Terrace, Charlotte Street.
KIDDERMINSTER.—Mrs. R. BARLOW, 15, Prospect Hill.
DELPH, Nr. OLDHAM.—Mr. L. E. KENWORTHY, Knott Hill Lane.
HIGH BARNET, HERTS.—Mr. G. NICHOLLS, 10a, Park Road.
SALOP.—Mr. Z. WARD, 1, Warren Road, Stoke-on-Tern, Market Drayton.
GRAVESEND, KENT.—Mr. H. DURHAM, 59, Edwin Street.
EXETER.—Mr. H. W. IRIS, 14, Friars Gate.
DUNDEE.—Mr. HERBERT WHARAM, 1, Commercial Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. E. JACKSON, 17, Oxford Row, Greasboro.
LOCHNESS, By INVERNESS.—Mr. FRANK SUTHERLAND, 53, Glenlea, Fivers.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. A. FOYERS, 52, Newton Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. A. BOWER, 5, Shakespeare Avenue, Portswood.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. ENTWISTLE, 44, Anser Road, Clubmoor.
MAIDA HILL, W.9.—Miss W. F. SMITH, 92, Walterton Road.
LLAY, Nr. WREXHAM.—Mr. C. R. DAVIES, 19, Laird Avenue.
MAIDSTONE.—Mr. A. H. J. HART, 4, Bordea Cottages, Farleigh Hill, Tovil.
SOUTH HETTON, DURHAM.—Mrs. N. YOUNG, 6, Palmer Street.
BLAENAVON, MON.—Mr. F. WATSON, 14, Upper Hill Street.
KEIGHLEY, YORKSHIRE.—Mrs. R. HARRIS, 157, Myrtle Terrace, Cross Roads.
LEVEN, FIFE.—Mr. W. JOHNSTON, 24, Glebe Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. W. WHITE, Thornton, Rosewell.
HEBBURN-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. S. CURTIS, 14, Tyne Street.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. BRIGGS, 21, Elm Street.
PORT GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—Mr. JOHN SWEENEY, 7, Willisons Lane.
HYDE, CHESHIRE.—Mr. A. AINSWORTH, 89, Bennett Street, Newton.
SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. H. E. MURROCK, Benhall Green.

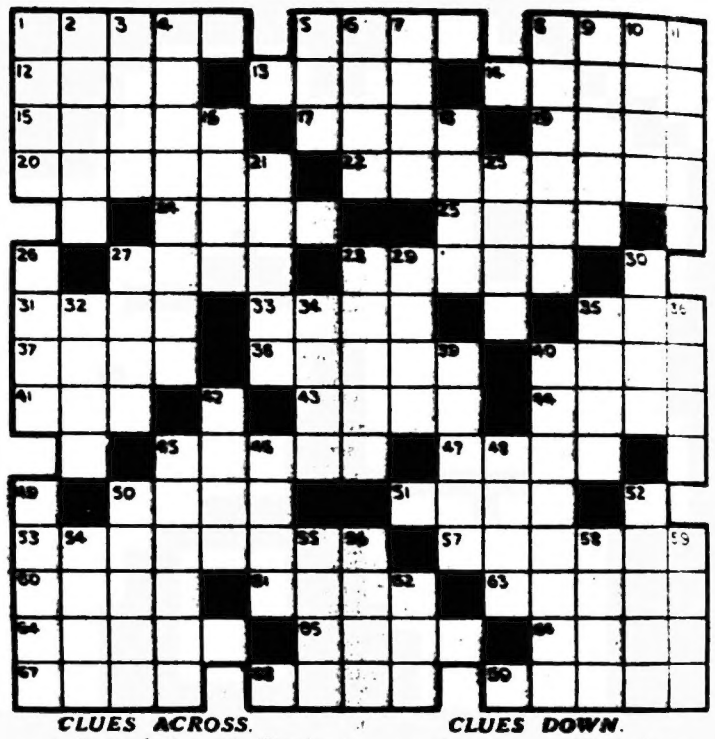
ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

CWM, MON.—Mrs. W. J. SAYCE, Craig Terrace.
LEEDS.—Mrs. A. ARCHER, 29, Berkeley View, Harehills.
AMBLECOTE, Nr. STOURBRIDGE, STAFFS.—Mrs. L. SCOTT, 48, Platts Crescent.
KENNINGTON, S.E. 11.—Mrs. A. MILLER, 19, Hotspur Street.
WATH-ON-DEARNE, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. A. SHERBURN, 213, Doncaster Road.
FOREST HILL, S.E.23.—Mrs. M. OSBORNE, 5, Siddons Road.
WARRINGTON.—Mrs. A. M. MARSET, 44, Brackley Street, Stockton Heath.
SALISBURY.—Mrs. L. WISBEN, 7, Middleton Road, Fisherton.
SPRINGFIELD, Nr. DUDLEY.—Mrs. R. MASON, 55, Springfield Lane.
LOCHEE.—Mrs. A. MEYER, 26, Reids Lane.
SHOTTON, Nr. CHESTER.—Mrs. E. JONES, 68, Ash Grove.
GWAUN-CAE-GURWEN, SOUTH WALES.—Mrs. M. J. REES, 31, Crescent Road.
BALHAM, S.W.12.—Mrs. H. TOOMEY, 66, Gosberton Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Mental Tonic



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Rude hut.
5. In place of.
8. Greatest.
12. An undulation.
13. Conflagration.
14. Japanese peninsula.
15. To prevent.
17. Greater.
19. A row.
20. Northern.
22. Caretaker of cattle.
24. Bearing.
25. Scottish dance.
27. 5½ yards.
28. More sensible.
31. Nigger.
33. Conversation.
35. The mouth.
37. One of the services.
38. A slave.
40. Coal pit.
41. A card game.
43. Italian capital.
44. To press.
45. Cured pork.
47. To drag.
50. Hasty.
51. A heap.
53. Relating to dramatic acting.
57. Obligations.
60. Threw.
61. To stumble.
63. Metallic reward.
64. Foreigner.
65. A sect.
66. Otherwise.
67. Tear.
68. Therefore.
69. Principles believed.

CLUES DOWN.

1. A mop.
2. Devastation.
3. Swear.
4. Formality.
5. Vigour.
6. Metal.
7. To cover with wax.
8. A parent.
9. Projecting bay window.
10. A wizard.
11. Slow.
16. End piece.
18. Gain.
21. Bloodsucker.
23. Prolific.
26. To scrutinise.
27. Pageantry.
28. Reception room.
29. Minute particle.
30. Lanky.
32. Spoken.
34. Valiant man.
35. A female child.
36. Sugar-producing vegetable.
39. Lukewarm.
40. Mule driver.
42. Handle.
45. Outcrop of a stratum.
46. A child.
48. An astringent salt.
49. Extract of flowers.
50. Pine juice.
52. Stop.
54. A perforation.
55. Chief.
56. Egyptian river.
58. Unoccupied.
59. Ice vehicle.
62. Shallow vessel.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 28

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age .....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/8/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/8/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"Certainly exceeds my expectations—Worth three or four times the amount charged." J. H. Fowler, 73, Hildyard Street, Grimsby.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

YOU SAVE 13/6

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

THE BEST HOUSE
In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg, (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particss free —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds

COUNTRY CANVASSING. Permanency at £5— £14 week on results with bonus.—Write Stanley's, 56, Warton Rd., Stratford, Ldn., E.15.

EARN £3 to £5 wkly. Run Bed-clothing and Drapery Clubs amongst friends No outlay Particss. free.—Grove Mills, Dpt. M, Birstall, Leeds.

£5,000 Given Away in Special Present to Christmas Club Agents. Also largest commission in the trade on all lines combined also 20/- in chocolate to all agents complying with our scheme. Choc., Cigs., Toys, Handbags, Cutlery, Jewellery, etc. Write for our Beautiful Coloured Catalogue Free.—Dennis & Co., Dept D., Colne.

XMAS CHOC. & CIG. CLUBS. AGENTS Wanted spare time. Best known makes only. 10/- in £ coin. No outlay. Partics. free.—Lavell's Popular Club, 49, Farringdon St., E.C.4.

PROFITABLE GOODS to sell in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 156-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

XMAS CHOCOLATE & CIGARETTE CLUBS. Spare time agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntrees, Cadbury's, etc. Good comm. No outlay. Partics. free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Leeds.

CASH COMMISSION.—Write for illustrated Christmas Club Catalogue. All leading firms' goods. Chocolates and Cigarettes. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Russell, King Street, Wigan.

ACTIVE Agents wanted (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. Experience not essential. Highest comm. Valuable prizes. Free sample book.—Denton & Co., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

AGENTS wanted for the renowned "CITY" Series Private Xmas Greeting Cards. New Albums now ready, containing unique novelties and Calendars. Do not miss this opportunity of making real money. Commission. Samples free.—Dept. 169, Private Xmas Card Manufacturing Co., Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED. — MONEY IN HARD CASH YOURS CERTAIN by Selling Famous CASTLE SERIES CHRISTMAS CARDS. No outlay. No risk. Magnificent FREE Sample Book. Highest Coin. and Prizes —Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 34, Anchor Court, Preston.

10/- in £ cash Commission. "MONSTER" Xmas Chocolate Clubs. All leading makes. Partics. free.—Walker & Hannam, Ltd., Bradford.

AUSTIN DAVIS CHOCOLATE CLUBS give 4/- in the £1 CASH commission and help you to sell. Compare with the "Glittering" rewards offered for selling "Pigs in a poke." Then send p.c. for FREE details to-night. It will pay you.—AUSTIN DAVIS, Regent St. (3), Sheffield.

A BALMORAL Book of Private Xmas Cards awaits every enterprising Agent. Contains a Magnificent collection of original Novelties in Calendars, Jewelled and Picture Cards, etc. Books Free. Highest Commission and Prizes.—Write now to Stewarts (Dept. A), Commercial Mill, Blackburn.

AGENTS WANTS.—10/- in £ com. Real Book of Xmas Cards. No outlay. No exp. Make £20. —Dept. 6, Press, 104, Cleveland St., W.1.

"CHALLENGE TO ALL."—Biggest Cash Commission, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's. Record Prizes and Gifts to Agents.—Hoffbrand, Westgate, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED, either sex. GREAT MONEY-MAKING opportunity. New Series of Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc. All the latest NOVELTIES. Obtain this SUPER ATTRACTION Sample Book and increase your business 50 per cent. Enterprising Agents equipped immediately.—Apply, Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 73, Lancaster.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS.—Largest manufacturers want agents. FREE Sample book. Delightful Novelties in Aluminium and Velvet, with real glass eyes; Celluloid Calendar for Pocket or Handbag; Blotter, Notepaper, Greeting Cards for all tastes. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES FOR ALL.—Write, All-British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 37, BLACKBURN.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Novelty Clubs. Agents wanted. CASH commission; no outlay; Toys, Jewellery, etc.—Write, State Chocolate Co., 27, State Bldgs., Gt. Horton Rd., Bradford.

WROE'S Xmas Club want Agents. Generous cash terms, no expense, deal direct.—Wroe's, Office 20, Chocolate Factors, Wade Yard, Briggate, Leeds. Est. 100 years.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? The sure way out of the rut is to become a travelling Salesman. Train in your spare time by postal tuition under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Trainer of Salesmen. Thousands of men, without previous experience "on the road," have been lifted out of routine jobs and placed by Wallace Attwood with progressive firms. Many of them are now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Wallace Attwood undertakes to introduce and recommend every trained student to firms of repute requiring Salesmen. Are you worth lifting out of the rut? If so, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home: guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Experts. Free Service Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 0842.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. Free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

Crippled With Eczema From Elbow To Fingers

Mr. E. Timms, 3, Salem Place, Bath Rd., Exeter, says:

"THE trouble started with little pimples. These burst and caused the eczema to spread until both arms, from elbows to finger tips, were in its grip. My hands were swathed in bandages, and, to add to my worries, I was off work for weeks.

"During my three months' torment I tried several ointments, besides having a good spell of doctor's treatment. But I got no relief until I applied Zam-Buk. The first dressings brought me wonderful ease from the maddening irritation.

"The discharge ceased, and next time I took off the bandages I saw the dry scales coming away. A nightly wash with Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap was a great help in cleansing and purifying the diseased tissue. My hands and arms were soon covered with fine healthy skin, thanks to this splendid Zam-Buk treatment."

Zam-Buk

Healing Balm & Medicinal Soap. TESTED JB

This great herbal balm is unequalled for eczema, rashes, pimples, psoriasis, bad legs, ulcers, piles, ring-worm, poisoned sores, children's skin troubles, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, insect bites, sores, aching feet, etc. Zam-Buk 1/3 box; 3/- family size. Zam-Buk Soap 1/- a tablet.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, testis. free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS and earn from £5 to £20 per week. Unique offer to those writing for our free book, "Advertising as a Career."—Dixon Institute of Advertising, Dept. 21, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

NEW ZEALAND.—Boys between 15 and 19 required for farm work under special nominations for New Zealand.—Apply, Captain Simpson, Overseas Dept., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.

ARE you making progress? Mr. Dawson has written: "I am now earning £500 a year, and attribute my success to your five weeks' training in Salesmanship." Well-educated men of good appearance and aptitude should investigate this unique opportunity. Call or write.—Salesmanship, Ltd., 56, Kingsway, W.C.2.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Skilled Clerks required; also skilled and semi-skilled Cooks with a knowledge of Butchery, Storekeepers, and Wireless Operators. Age limits 18 to 30 years. Allowance for Wife and Children to men 26 and over. A limited number of unskilled men are required, and also men for training as Hospital Orderlies. An opportunity occurs for young men of good education to enlist for training as Aeroplane Riggers.—Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, Royal Air Force, Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

ANYONE can start a small business of his own by purchasing the book, "Gateway to Business." 23 different businesses explained. Write for free particulars.—British Printing Trust D., Ltd., 83, Upper Thames Street, London.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns. post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA FROM WORKS.—Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices, Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants, Cat. free. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Liverpool Pottery, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS.—Eclipse 1927 Designs. Book 150 patts. from 2½d. per roll, free on application. Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers. Factory prices. 24 years' reputation. 48-p. Coloured Cat. FREE.—Century Pottery, Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

WALLPAPERS from mills, from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5) Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A GOOD MANGLE makes washday easier. Why not get the model offered on page 34 by the B. & C. Co.? A very small deposit brings it.

5,000,000 feet new Timber, in bundles of 100 feet, ½ in. x 6 in. sawn boards, 4/9 bundle; ¾ in. x ¼ in. x 6 in. weatherboards, 4/9; 1 in. x 2 in., 2/11; 2 in. x 2 in., 6/3. Immediate dispatch. These are retail prices. Complete wholesale and retail lists post free.—Swedish Timber Co., Ltd., Station Wharf, Rainham, Essex. 'Phone: Rainham 182.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South St., London, E.C.2.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Liste free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S 85-Article Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Robeslips, Nighties, Vests, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Barras, Towels, Napkins, etc. Homemade. Genuine Bargain. Send 2/- pcl. appro.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S charming 85-article Layette, 30/-. Shawls, Vests, Flannels, Robes, Gowns, Napkins, etc. Send 2/- for parcel appro. (Cash or terms.) Mrs. B Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

CHARMING GOWNS, Etc.—Rare Bargains slightly worn clothing; catalogues, stmpd. envelope —Marie Dupont, Paris House, Hastings.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

"POULTRY," the only paper that matters to those who keep fowls. All Newsagents, Fridays, 2d. Specimen free.—71, Fleet St., London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 14d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Conner, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort. 3/- at Boot's, Taylor's and all Chemists.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW Life to weary, worn-out Nerves Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and lost vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Piccadilly, London, S.W.18.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, kidney troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S REMEDY. Adults or children, operations avoided. 3/- bot. Boots', Taylor's, Timothy Whites', etc., or post free Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

PILES. Why Suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. Saves operations. Recommended by Medical profession. No ointment. No medicine. Cure yourself at home. 5/-, post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol, Chemists (Dept. J.B.), 1, Ramsden Rd., S.W.12.

BLUSHING. Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.35), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

PILES Instant relief GUARANTEED by using the Donovan Pile Instrument, or money refunded. Price 7/6. Write for booklet to The Donovan Surgical Co. (Dept. 100), 306, Romford Rd., E.7.

GLORIOUS HEALTH by natural means. "Vitonic," the great nerve nutriment & digestive, cures nerve troubles, constipation, indigestion, headaches, tiredness, sleeplessness. Liver complaints. "Vitonic" makes new men and women. Never fails. Send 3/- (50 tabs), 5/- (100 tabs). Safe & rapid.—Vitonic Co., 34, Chapter St., Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.

BALDNESS CURED.
"ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bull*. 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

5/- DEPOSIT and 5/- weekly secures any tyre up to list price £2; 7/6 weekly over £2. No interest charges. No enquiries. Also Accessories —London Car Co., 43, Villiers Street, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-p. book about herbs and how to use them—2d. post free. Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

WIVES' WEEKLY NIGHTMARE.—Gnawing fear that wrecks Marriages. See the outspoken criticism of lustful husbands in this week's "Health and Strength." 3d. all newsagents.

"Three Queens"

NON-LADDER STOCKINGS *free!*

HERE'S a really beautiful pair of finest quality artificial silk stockings which you can get absolutely free! For 125 coupons from BLACK CAT Cigarettes we'll send you a pair of the well-known "Three Queens" Hosiery by return. They're non-ladder superior finish, and in all the latest shades. A really handsome gift for smokers of a really fine cigarette!

Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10.

Made in the following shades: White, Champagne, Nude, Atmosphere, New Putty, Flesh, Apricot, Blush, Blossom, Woodland Rose, Sunburn No. 1, Skin, Peach, Banana, Black, Cinnamon, French Nude, Rose Beige. Nut-Brown, Moonlight, Grain, Light Aluminium.

State size and shade preferred.

for 125 coupons

FROM

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

TRADE MARK

10 for 6D

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Week ending Saturday, Aug. 20, 1927. Twopence. Vol. XLII. No. 1105.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

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Proof Spirit.

Nothing could better prove the real strength of the good will and understanding between Britain and the United States than the determination on both sides of the Atlantic to have no squabbling over the Naval Conference fiasco.

Build for Peace.

With war "outlawed in heart," there must be between London and Washington no jealous matching of ship with ship and gun with gun. "The Bridge of Peace"—erected on the Canadian-American line—is the sort of building we want.

Everybody Says So.

If war between ourselves and America is "unthinkable," why should not an all-in Arbitration Pact be signed by both? It is the one swift, safe way to peace.

Get Up Steam.

Baldwin scored at a Canadian hot-weather lunch by taking his coat off before speaking. Now we should like to see both him and his Cabinet take their coats off for the winter's work.

It's Bracing.

This is the month of "Summer Schools," when in the green and pleasant parts of England eager spirits plan all sorts of Jerusalems. It's a wholesome pick-me-up. Whether in politics, school or trade, what everyone needs in the daily grind is hope and vision.

Town and Country.

"If there is a good harvest there will be a general improvement in trade," says a business report from an industrial district. How vastly trade and work in the towns would gain by a land policy that doubled the harvest!

Join Hands.

It's up to the towns for their own sakes to put their shoulders to the land question. And there's many a matter—like railway rates and marketing—where town-dweller and farmer are both victimised, and neither can shake off the burden unless they get together.

Double Crops.

The Forestry Commission is not only making barren lands bear, but last winter found employment for over 3,000 people. Like all land development, tree-planting is a work twice blessed—it grows men as well as timber.

Settlers at Home.

Many a settler, in Canada, while getting his farm into shape, makes useful money in winter as a lumberjack. By providing small holdings for their workers the Forestry Commission is "colonising" the old country—a Canada at home.

Who Will, May.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain "welcomes the co-operation" of voluntary associations in the reconstruction of insanitary areas. So do we. But it's a sad commentary on the ineffectiveness of the Ministry that private individuals were compelled to start first.

Tackling It.

At Kendal, a voluntary committee has built twenty-four houses for poor people, and is finishing others at the rate of one a week. At Market Drayton, £3,000 has been subscribed to tackle and rebuild an insanitary area. Private enterprise can still accomplish good when it rolls up its sleeves.

The Good Fight.

Birmingham, Bristol, Leamington and Shrewsbury are all in the van for slum clearance, while at Altrincham the Earl of Stamford has given land to facilitate a start being made. That's a hint to other landowners. There are plenty with a good many acres to spare.

Cosy Cots.

Dear building materials don't worry the cottagers of Norfolk. Large numbers of new homes will be thatched. The "ring round the house" is thus defeated, and an ancient, very skilled occupation revived.

No More Hell.

"Little Hell," the worst district in St. Pancras, is doomed. After years of hesitation the borough council has decided to rebuild it with decent houses. Local authorities cannot always be persuaded, but they may sometimes be shamed into moving.

Practical Help.

£50,000 has been subscribed by persons willing to accept 3 per cent. interest to replace squalid, insanitary, vermin-riddled slums by decent dwellings in Westminster. Ousted tenants can return at the old rent. Christianity still exists, if you know where to look for it.

Silly Indifference.

English-made ploughs are offered in the Free State at £27, American-made at £18. The latter are lighter, but better suited to South African needs. That's the way to capture markets. Give customers what they want, and give it cheap.

Get On With It.

Again Germany is at war, this time against rheumatism. She brings into big industrial towns all the advantages of costly spa treatment, and London is being stirred to imitation. That's the sort of rivalry the world can't have too much of.

106 more Cheques
for Registered Readers
SEE PAGE 2

Proof of the Pudding.

It is proved that the curative properties of natural spa waters can be effectively reproduced. Use of the weapons of defence hitherto available only for the rich will stay the march of the rheumatism foe on the poor. Approved societies must back this scheme for all they are worth.

War v. Beauty.

Two more beauty spots, Thursley and Ockley Commons, are in danger of being filched as training centres for soldiers. The military authorities must reconsider. After the war to end war public temper is not in the direction of again turning the suburbs of London into armed camps.

Better Trams?

Leeds is spending £500,000 on new tramcars, Sheffield is having 100 new ones and Glasgow is spending large sums because the time for supersession "has not yet arrived." All the same, it's coming rapidly. Trams are a relic.

Forward Thinking.

Lincoln, at least, has courage to take the bull by the horns. The cathedral city is going to abolish tramways and substitute 'buses. It's both penny wise and pound wise. Light and mobile means of transport are the only ones that won't be laughed at in the future.

Keeping It Up.

Bread will be cheaper, won't be cheaper, will be cheaper! First one report, then another, is announced. The millers have the final word. Flour has gone up. That settles it. There'll be no cheap loaf!

Public Must Help.

Medical Officers of Health hope that measles one day will be stamped out. This will be due to quiet work that few take note of. When ratepayers are alive to their own interests there are other banes of childhood that will vanish.

Why London is Healthy.

£900,000 was spent last year by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in fighting scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles and other infectious complaints. Those who dub money spent on social service "waste" should remember the cost if none at all was spent.

Good Hunting.

Scotland's war on rats this year is the most successful ever waged, more than 58,000 rodents falling to the bag. With clean and better housing everywhere there would be less vermin to hunt.

More Deaths.

The explosion at Cardowan Colliery, Stepps, has claimed a third victim. Bereaved families are the constant order of the day in all mining areas. How to prevent the slaughter is a problem worthy of the best brains in science. It must be undertaken.

This is Fine.

Electrification of certain sections of the Midland Railway of New Zealand brings orders for plant to the tune of £80,000 to Preston. Just the sort of news that makes everybody, especially the women in the little homes, feel brighter.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Tidy Decision.

Blackpool Council is right in its decision to serve notices to quit on municipal house tenants whose gardens are neglected. Except in cases of illness those who are fortunate enough to own a plot of ground have no excuse for not attending to it.

Too Bad.

After his cousin had found him work and paid his railway fare, Charles Thomas, of Burslem, was thick-skinned enough not to mind robbing him of clothes, shoes and £1. Perhaps during the three months' hard labour he is to undergo he will reflect that it is a very poor sort of animal indeed that turns to bite the hand that fed him.

Schoolgirls' "Bit."

By giving up their prizes offered at the annual school sports, and adding contributions from non-competitors, the staff and girls of Plumstead Secondary School have sent £17 2s. to the Duke of York's appeal for the National Playing Fields Association. Such a gift from those who know the value of sport is a happy idea.

Saved by Girlish Wit.

While grown-ups looked on, believing the man at play, Ivy Page, of Herbert Street, New North Road, London, realised a fellow-visitor at Southend was drowning in the sea. Plunging in fully clothed she swam out to him and managed to bring him ashore. It was a splendid act, and all done by a youngster only just fifteen years old.

Poor Old Man!

George Watson, aged seventy-two, has at Middlesex Sessions been sent to five years' penal servitude for stealing 8d. from an offertory box. George has lived on theft all his life, serving as much as twenty years in one sentence. What more proof could be needed that the present penal code is neither a cure nor a deterrent?

Risking Life to Live.

Robert Buxton was trying to make the most financially of his shift in an Ashington pit when a "fall" came upon him suddenly—and death! To make the few extra shillings they need for their homes, in the opinion of Coroner Percy, men are being driven to court death by taking risks. Often the miner's economic problem is tragically solved.

Whist Mad.

What a life for a kiddie of five to be taken every night and some afternoons to whist-drives, returning as late as 11 p.m. by a seven-mile rail journey! If the woman of whom complaint has been made to the N.S.P.C.C. for keeping the child in bed till one o'clock instead of sending her to school made such a fetish of whist, it was not playing the game for her to have become a mother.

City Fathers Justify Name.

"Holiday-bound" in Newcastle is far from being a phrase used only by the rich. Corporation enterprise in initiating halfpenny fares for kiddies' school holidays has added 7,000 passengers a day. With sandwich packets, buckets and spades, the children get out of traffic dangers to the seaside and back for one penny. There's a spirit in Newcastle that other local bodies might do well to copy.

He Did His Best.

"You did all you could to save the poor chap's life," said the coroner to Walter Tahiff, a Bury fireman, who jumped into the River Roach to save a hospital patient, James Horrocks, from trying to drown himself. Such an attempt is as praiseworthy as if the rescue had been successful. As the coroner said, "He did his best; no one can do more than that."

Unworthy Father.

"It is the first time he has done such a thing, and it will be a warning to him," so said a Huddersfield father when he callously haled his trembling little ten-year-old son before the magistrates for having taken a shilling of his money. What the magistrates thought of the father's act Major Priestly expressed when he described it as "ignoble and cowardly." The man who would have his own child branded a criminal has reason to be ashamed of himself.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Andre Robe McWhyte, a Canadian, has arrived at Deal on a walk round the world. "I am not doing it for a wager, but simply for the love of the thing and to see all I can see," he says. This is the spirit that has ever accomplished more than mere money, and we wish him luck in his quest.

Spoiling a Record.

For stealing two frocks, a pair of shoes and linen from her employer, Mrs. Critchley, of Froggatt, Mary Stone, of Calver, has been placed on probation for twelve months and ordered to pay 19s. 6d. costs. Mrs. Stone has had a good reputation as a charwoman. We urge her not to spoil an honourable and useful calling by a habit of petty pilfering.

Teaching Motherhood.

Viscountess Erleigh, of infant welfare fame, is fully awake to the harm arising from the ignorance of most young women of mothercraft. Her plea for the raising of the school age to sixteen for girls to have a year's training in this important subject has its practical side. There would be fewer unwanted babies and child murders if motherhood, the goal of so large a percentage of our women, and its responsibilities were better understood.

Man's Disgrace—Woman's Courage.

"A filthy blackguard" is the police description of Robert Risby, who at Northampton was fined £3 or a month for giving beer to a baby. When arrested by a constable he became violent, and it might have gone hard with the officer but for Mrs. Underwood and Mrs. Easton, who seeing the affray went to his assistance. To the compliments of the Bench we add our own. Such women are true blue and deserve praise.

The Human Machine

Don't Hinder

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

AN old Roman writer once put his finger on a great truth. He was a cynical gentleman who delighted in "telling off" his fellows!

"You never find a man who tries to look into his conscience," he said. "Everyone keeps his eyes fixed on the wallet of the man in front. We can all see the burden of sins that our neighbour carries, but never our own."

Lots of people have said the same thing since. Did not the Bible point out the absurdity of seeing a mote in somebody else's eye when all the time you had a beam in your own?

And lots of people all over the world have said rude things about "smugness" and "hypocrisy" and "Nosey Parkers"!

What interests me is that we don't appear to have advanced much in 2,000 years! What the old Roman cynic said is as true to-day as when he wrote it.

If we only spent half the time examining and criticising ourselves that we spend criticising others, both we and the world would be all the better for it.

After all, a man's conscience is his own affair, and if he is a man he'll keep it clean without any interference from his neighbours.

HALF the trouble in the world is caused by ill-founded criticism. No doubt we all of us mean well—but no man yet born can afford to throw stones at his neighbour. If he thinks he can, five minutes' frank and fearless examination of his own conscience will teach him different.

Help your neighbours by all means—if they need help: but if you can't help, don't hinder!

Dying Dog Kicked.

It scarcely seems possible that any man, least of all a dog-breeder, should run over a terrier and while it lay dying in the road kick it into the gutter and drive on. Richard Robins, of Penylan, merits every penny of the £10 fine imposed on him, and since he is also a wireless dealer, we advise him to stick to that job in future, unless he can treat his dogs considerately.

A Busy Time.

After working all day as a cotton operative, George Highton, sixteen, has had the energy during two months to commit five cleverly carried out burglaries, stealing as much as £53 6s. 6d. from a Wigan office. He has been bound over for twelve months and ordered to be home at ten every night. We strongly recommend his parents to provide some interesting occupation for his leisure.

His "Contra" Account.

We congratulate the police of Kirkdale on withdrawing the charge against Peter Joseph Conlin, a youth of nineteen, who was accused at Liverpool of gambling. This course was taken in acknowledgment of the lad's bravery. He plunged into the canal and rescued therefrom three boys who had tumbled in while playing. There is nothing much amiss with a fellow who will hazard his life as readily as he risks his coppers.

Playing the Game.

While a cricket match was in progress in Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham, a canoe, containing a man, his wife and baby, collided with a rowing-boat on the near-by lake. Albert Brakeswell, without pausing to doff even his pads, dived to the rescue of the child, which would otherwise assuredly have been drowned, as the husband was fully engaged in getting his wife to shore. We don't know how Brakeswell shapes with a bat in his hand, but he is all there when duty calls.

Starvation Pay.

A motor-van driver charged at Scarborough with driving to the public danger told the magistrate that he received a salary of only 25s. a week, out of which he had a wife and child to support. Though we regard this offence as a serious one, we do not wonder that he was told he need not hurry to pay his fine in face of these facts. If only we knew the name of the man's employers it would afford us pleasure to give them an advertisement, free, gratis and for nothing.

Tranquil Tram Driver.

Never to have lost a day's work through illness, to have been summoned by the police, to have been injured, involved in a mishap, nor had a "row" with his superiors, is the proud achievement of Mr. Harry Robinson, of Camberwell, who after thirty-nine years as a London tram-driver is retiring to the country. With such a catalogue of omissions to his credit, it is not surprising that his motto, one which all drivers should adopt, is "Tranquillity."

A Fine Experiment.

Under charge of Lieut.-Col. G. S. Hutchison, five pit-boys are to be taken from Sherwood Colliery, Notts, for a tour in the Swiss Alps to make personal test of the value of sunlight. After that, sunray apparatus will be installed within reach of the place where 2,500 miners work. It is a commonplace that miners and their families suffer heavily from constant work in the dark, but not until the New Health Society and Sunlight League co-operated did anyone set out to combat the evil. Their noble effort demands full support.

Farmers' "Hanky-panky."

For keeping and failing to notify a cow with a tuberculous udder, John James Goodwin, of Gratton, and his father were fined £2 10s., with costs, while for keeping a cow suffering with tuberculosis of long standing, George T. Shimwell, of Hartington, Middle Quarter, was the loser by £6 1s. in fine and costs. We are glad to see that the rope is tightening round the necks of farmers who cannot fail to know an unhealthy animal when they see one, and still prefer to line their pockets at the risk of giving the public contaminated milk.

A Burning Disgrace.

Every year hundreds of thousands of pounds go up in smoke because of inefficient fire-fighting appliances. As one instance, when a paint-works flared up at Edgware the local voluntary fire-brigade dashed up—without an engine and with a ha'porth of hose. They watched the fire. A fire-engine arrived—when the building was burnt down. In this case no lives were lost, but in others the toll has been grievous. The fire-fighting forces of the country need overhauling.

The Wrong Way.

"I think there is too much good in you for me to send you to prison," said the Grimsby stipendiary magistrate in placing Hector Raines, eighteen, in the care of the probation officer for twelve months. The lad had lost his work and stole a £1 note with which to pay the widowed mother who depends on him her weekly allowance. We wish him success in finding another job, and a stronger will to resist a seeming way out of difficulties that can only involve him still further.

Friends Wanted.

It was a happy moment when Mr. Clarke Hall, the Metropolitan magistrate, first thought of visiting and sending Christmas cards to the children he committed to industrial schools. Now the idea has spread. Thirty girls of Gisburne House School, Watford, have "friends" who take them out, write to them, and give them some of the affection of the home they lack. Twenty more, says the superintendent, are needed. The chance of bringing the magic touch of friendship into a solitary kiddie's life is too good to be missed.

How to Make Money.

Aged eighty-one, Mr. Charles Hawkins, of Peterborough, is dead. His life is an example worth study. Born poor, he made models from old cigar-boxes and corks, thinking nothing of taking ten years, involving journeys totalling 2,575 miles, to get one perfect result. So wonderful were his reproductions of famous buildings that he was requested to take them on tour, and the tidy sum of £10,000 was the result. Common materials, patience and industry were his tools—none of them beyond the humblest reach.

Machinery's Toll.

Manchester is solving its share of the problem caused by the loss of work to men in the baking trade owing to the introduction of machinery. Employers pay one farthing a sack of flour used weekly, the Union of Operative Bakers and Confectioners contributing an equal sum, with the result that thirty men released from employ have been put on pensions. The idea, particularly in the case of men too old to be taken on as machine-minders, is sound enough. What Manchester thinks to-day won't London think to-morrow?

Appeal to Honour.

Said Mr. Cairns to Thomas Humphreys at the Thames Police Court, "I am going to take a great risk, and I hope you will not let me down." The prisoner pleaded that two men in a public-house called him a "copper's nark" and struck him, and in self-defence he drew his knife and wounded them. Then, to escape the crowd, he jumped into the river. On his promise to cut out the drink, Mr. Cairns decided to place his reputation for wisdom in the man's hands, and bound him over. We are sure that so merciful a course will meet with a manly response.

Ex-Officer Starves.

A sufferer from neurasthenia after honourable service as lieutenant in the war, due to which he could get no lucrative employment, Eric Collinson, of Headley, with only a piece of bread in the house to support himself and his invalid mother, at last succumbed to getting money by means of worthless cheques. The Ex-Service Welfare Society have put Collinson, whom the magistrate bound over for six months, in one of their homes, and have paid the bailiff who was threatening his only shelter. But that such as he should ever have come to so acute a distress is as shocking as it is pitiable.

Fatal Negligence.

Casual to a degree must have been the conduct of Richard W. Hillyard, a lorry driver of Bermondsey, who, although he had before him a perfectly clear road in Mitcham except for a stationary van laden with plants, must needs drive into and wreck the vehicle, killing the owner. A fine of £5 with £3 3s. costs and the suspension of his licence for a year seems a small penalty for negligence that must always remind him of the life it cost.

Death Preferred.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who lived in Hodgson's Fold, Halifax, became so poor by misfortune that they had to sell their bed for food. The poor old man had at last to drag himself within the workhouse gates, though he had fought for England. His wife preferred death to the poor-house—and she died! At the inquest, the jury's opinion was that from the Poor Law officers the unfortunate couple ought to have received more consideration. What excuse have the guardians to offer?

Cowardice at its Worst.

To take a little woman of nineteen, mother of his baby, thrash her until she had bruises all over her, and hit her with a curtain rod, was the pleasant pastime of Thomas Naylor, a Finsbury butcher, whom the Old Street magistrate has just sent to hard labour for three months. We agree with Mr. Snell, who regretted that he could not order a similar bruising of the brute's own thick hide. Perhaps public opinion, thus drawn to his case, will assist Naylor to be ashamed of himself.

Those Foreign Snowballs.

A Coventry reader purchased tickets from Credit Hollandais, Amsterdam, and sold them, in accordance with instructions, to four other clients. When he applied for the bonus he expected, he was informed that he had not done his duty at all, because other people in his series of tickets had failed to carry the scheme through as required. He is now urged to bring them up to the scratch. It is, of course, a hopeless task.

Catholic Charity Cheat.

If any of our readers should be favoured with a letter from a polite gentleman named H. Patten Saunders, we would urge them to consign it to the waste-paper basket without hesitation. This gentleman writes convincingly of his old days at Stonyhurst, and usually has a doleful tale to tell of hardship and misfortune. Sometimes he mentions Beaumont as being his old school, but his object is ever the same. He is a begging-letter writer who has been at the game for years!

Why Does He Do It?

Mr. E. M. Wilkinson, of Museum Street, London, W.C., claims to have a racing system which has never had a losing year, while "last season" it netted £880 profit on a level stake of 6s. Instead of sticking to this system and making his fortune, Mr. Wilkinson prefers to hawk it about at specially reduced terms of £1 down and a second £1 within three days. Why, the money which he must have expended upon circulars and postage, if invested on the scale quoted above, would surely have been more worth while?

Temporarily Missing!

A gentleman who acted as agent for Walter Braham and Company, of Wordsworth Chambers, 267, High Street North, Manor Park, London, E., is in a quandary. A sum of £10 is owing to one of his clients in respect of a Turf competition, but the company did not pay up. The only explanation forthcoming was that it had been compelled to close down temporarily, "owing to activity on the part of the authorities." The agent was advised also that if he wrote to the old address he did so at his own risk. On taking the "risk," however, the letter was simply returned marked "Gone away."

Hurry for Your Holiday!

Work at "Bullets" this week if you want to take a "Bullets" Holiday! £400 and last 75 Holiday Prizes offered on page 35.

Problems of Life

A Working Faith

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A MAN I don't know has just written to me in the following terms: "I am reading your Easter article in a little backwoods settlement fifty miles from Vancouver."

His letter is an indictment of Britain.

Mr. Warwick Deeping

When the war ended he could find nothing to do. The land he helped to save had no place for him; shirkers and sharpers had profited by his loss and that of thousands more.

So he has shaken the dust of Britain off his feet and gone to live where, he says, a man has a chance of being a man and not a wretched parasite subsisting at the mercy of politicians and profiteers.

Hardly a week passes that one does not hear from men similarly circumstanced for whom Britain seems to have no room—men who went into the war young and strong, giving up secure positions to do so, and now find themselves stranded in middle life, their hearts hot within them as they realise the way in which their love for their country has been repaid.

BUT, natural as this feeling of resentment is, it should not be allowed to warp the judgment.

The man who writes as above forgets that he himself is a bit of Britain.

Britain has made him the man he is.

Had he been born and brought up in any other land he would have been a different being.

Reared among savages he would have been a savage, among Turks a Turk, among Russian peasants as ignorant and superstitious as they.

It is British independence, justice and fair play that are crying out in him now.

No harm has been deliberately done to him or others, but men are selfish and stupid.

Through many failures and set-backs we are having to learn the dual lesson that life is a fight from beginning to end, and that it is only worth while if the fight is for the race as well as oneself.

WARWICK DEEPING tells a fine story in "Sorrell and Son" of an ex-Army officer who came to realise this after enduring (for the sake of his boy) untold hardship and humiliation as an hotel porter and odd-job man—all he could find to do after demobilisation.

His philosophy of life is summed up thus:

"The job mattered, the thing you had set out to accomplish, and not for yourself alone. Fighting mattered, striving, enduring, loving the few, disdaining the many. When struggle ceases men cease to be men."

"Disdaining" here does not mean despising. It means overlooking pettiness and meanness in order to keep one's gaze the more firmly fixed upon life's real values.

Nothing less than this is worthy of our manhood.

GRAVE FACTORY SCOURGE

DEATH IN THE OIL

Awful Workshop Cancer Menace

DURING the past few months a little Lancashire cottage has been transformed from a happy home into a scene of the direst tragedy.

The father of the household, who has been a factory-worker all his life, had never known what it was to have a day's illness until one fateful day in October last, when he was struck down suddenly with a mysterious disease.

When our representative called to see the victim, who is Mr. William Needham, of 89, Foxdenton Lane, Middleton, near Manchester, he beheld a sorry sight.

Poor Needham was all but prostrate. He was scarcely able to talk and, with a deathly pallor upon his suffering face, showed every sign of collapse at the merest exertion.

Even when he raised a finger to indicate where certain papers relating to his case were kept it cost him a tremendous effort.

Pitiful condition

This stricken man's last job was at a cotton mills, where his work consisted of carrying casks of mineral oil from the store-room to the factory for use on the giant machines.

In the course of these manual operations his clothing near the shoulders frequently became saturated with oil drippings, but unaware of the impending tragedy, Needham worked on.

But all the time a dangerous disease, having its origin in some poisonous substance in the waste oils, was gradually contaminating the worker's body.

In October last a little wart-like growth appeared on his neck, just over the right collar bone.

At first this growth was so small that it scarcely attracted attention, but as time wore on its size increased alarmingly and the accompanying symptoms were such that Needham was forced to abandon his work and to seek medical advice.

He was taken into the local infirmary and operated upon forthwith. But the removal of the growth seemed to have little or no effect. He made no progress, and to-day, as we have shown, his condition is pitiful.

Alarming discovery

On looking into this unfortunate man's case we have made a discovery that reveals a most alarming state of affairs.

The disease from which Needham, who has so far received no compensation, is suffering has been definitely diagnosed as "epithelioma," which is a form of cancer that is growing very prevalent amongst factory-workers to-day.

It has already claimed many lives and is mostly confined to those workers whose duties place them in daily contact with mineral oils and tar.

Some irritant in the ingredients is at the seat of the trouble, but, apparently, the disease is only in the early stages of discovery and medical men may, therefore, experience difficulty in detecting a case immediately.

Another very sad, but unhappily typical, example is that of William Henry Jones, of Beesley Street, Manchester. Jones was employed at a Lancashire brickworks for over twenty years and, up to a short time ago, had always enjoyed good health.

In his daily work, however, he was constantly coming into contact with what is known as "brick oil," which often penetrated his overalls to the

Sir Gerald Bellhouse, C.B.E., Chief Inspector of Factories, whose Department must make searching investigations into this terrible scandal

skin. Like Needham, he was blissfully unaware that a virulent form of cancer was slowly but surely claiming him as a victim.

Coroner's conclusion

About eighteen months ago, however, he complained of pains in the groin and, being compelled to give up his employment in much the same way as Needham had to do, consulted a medical man and was later admitted to Manchester Royal Infirmary.

Eventually, his complaint was diagnosed as "epitheliomatous cancer," and an operation was performed. He grew no better, however, and after months of suffering and wasting he died only a few days ago.

In view of the torture he had endured his death must have come as a happy release.

An inquest was, of course, held and the coroner, Mr. C. W. Surridge, after hearing from a local doctor that he knew of many similar cases that could be traced to the same origin, stated that Jones's death was due to the nature of his occupation.

On this point some details from a test case, fought before Mr. Justice Mossop in the Manchester County Court, should be of interest.

A man named Henry Whiteley, a cotton-spinner of Dukinfield, contracted epitheliomatous cancer through coming into constant contact with mineral oils while in the employ of the Atlas Mill Company, Ltd.

He was very ill as a result and applied in vain for compensation, the employers arguing that the disease was "obscure and the cause of it obscure." So Whiteley went to court in the endeavour to obtain redress.

Disquieting statement

In the course of the case evidence was given to the effect that cases of this kind were frequently occurring and that no fewer than a hundred similar law disputes depended upon the judgment given in Whiteley's case.

When he had heard all the evidence, Judge Mossop gave a verdict for Whiteley and added that the investigation had proved that this form of cancer was quite common with such workers.

Nor is this all. Mr. Edward Cook, Insurance Secretary of the Lancashire Cotton Spinners' Association, assures us that the disease has made its appearance in a pronounced manner amongst mule spinners and piecers in the cotton-mills.

The record is a truly alarming one. Within the last five years no fewer than 300 cases have been reported, and already 30 per cent. of the victims have died.

The long period of suffering that most of them go through will be seen in three typical cases which we are here enabled to give.

In the first a mule spinner in an Oldham Mill died in 1924, though his case was first reported in 1917. Another mule spinner employed at Shaw lingered on from December, 1917, to May, 1924.

A third victim, a Middleton mule spinner, was spared such a long period of agony, his release coming after eighteen months.

Preventive measures

It is small wonder, therefore, that something akin to panic is spreading amongst the workers in the areas most affected, and one may well ask, Can nothing be done?

Surely some protection should be offered to those who work under conditions which carry the danger of this hidden menace.

Specially manufactured overalls, carefully designed and medically treated, might well be introduced, and we think that the Factories Department of the Home Office, the chief of which is Sir Gerald Bellhouse, C.B.E., might give due consideration to this suggestion.

In the meantime, too, a thorough enquiry should be held. It is true that a medical inspector of the Home Office has attended many inquests in such cases; but it is in preventive or precautionary measures that much remains to be done.

The menace must be removed or diminished without delay.

Girls Spirited Away

Dangerous Gang Again at Work

SOME little time back we drew attention to the wicked traps that were laid for girls who imagined they were to be employed as domestics, but were instead ensnared into leading lives of degradation. These were, however, met at Paddington Station by their supposed employers.

But, for some unaccountable reason, a number of girls have come to Paddington, ostensibly to take up genuine situations, but have not been heard of since. They were expected by their employers, but they never arrived.

Scotland Yard and the East End police, on making enquiries, elicited that their prospective employers were perfectly respectable, that they had sent the fare or the railway ticket to bring the maid to London and had waited in vain at Paddington Station.

Wicked traps

They were so perturbed at the disappearance of the girls that they either communicated with the police or the maids' parents.

About ten days ago, a family living in New Road, London, E., engaged a Pontypool girl, and she was seen off at the station by her parents, but the employers could not find her when the train reached Paddington. She has not been seen or heard of since.

Scotland Yard detectives have since kept a sharp look-out at Paddington and the theory is being advanced that a clever gang of white-slave traffickers is operating at Paddington Station.

The recent exposure in JOHN BULL of the wicked traps into which some girls fall has had the effect of preventing a set of rascals advertising in the Welsh papers.

They have changed their methods, for they now find it easier to meet trains at Paddington and "spot" girls, who they think have come to London to take up situations, and then claim to be their employer.

This ruse has evidently proved very successful, judging by the number of girls who have been "spirited" away.

The authorities are strongly of the opinion that the miscreants are women who are experienced white-slave traffickers. It is however, very doubtful if the girls are kept in this country and there is a very strong suspicion that they are taken abroad.

Strong warning

We cannot too strongly warn parents and girls—particularly those living in Wales—to be very chary before accepting engagements in London.

They would be well advised to make the strictest enquiry before coming to London and girls should be on their guard whom they accompany on reaching London.

It is difficult to estimate the number of victims the gang of scoundrels have so far inveigled, but they must be indeed, numerous.

NOVEL TRAM-LINE SWINDLE

THE COAL-HOLE SPECIALIST

A Champion "Dummy Chucker"

THERE are more ways of making a living than are dreamed of in the most enterprising correspondence colleges, but it is doubtful whether any more ingenious or impudent "profession" exists than one favoured by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas James Mayo, whose activities we have lately been watching with more than passing interest.

Accidents, we are told, will happen in the best-regulated families, and the Mayo household is so well regulated that both husband and wife thrive on accidents.

It was the lord and master of the household who first experimented in this direction, and we find that his fertile brain kept him supplied with a varied assortment of aliases.

Sometimes, for instance, he has passed as "Thomas James," sometimes as "Thomas Henry" or plain "Mr. Thomas." At other times he has masqueraded as "James Newman."

"Dummy chucking"

Before Mr. Mayo hit upon his ingenious plan for bettering himself he was a builder's labourer; but he found hod-carrying irksome, apparently, and set out to qualify as an expert in the gentle art of "dummy chucking," or living on compensation in respect of feigned accidents.

It says much for his application and ability that he now ranks high in this unusual "profession," and his coups are carefully planned and dexterously carried out.

Selecting a residence where the surface trap of the coal-shoot is on the public pavement, Mayo waits until the street is deserted and then furtively lifts the trap.

Then, with a well-feigned fall he flings himself across it and lies groaning and writhing until some passer-by is attracted.

When he is helped to his feet he brings into play acting powers of no mean order.

Faked deception

His face is contorted with anguish and he hobbles painfully to the railing so naturally that his manner does not in the least suggest the real character of this fraudulent malingerer.

When he is sufficiently "recovered" Mayo starts in real earnest. He goes to the occupier of the selected house, lodges his faked complaint and asserts quite firmly that he intends to hold the owner responsible for damages.

It is disgraceful, he declares wrathfully, that any householder should be so careless as to leave a coal-trap in such a dangerous position.

Having sown the first seeds, Mayo hobbles away, and more often than not the next step is taken by Mrs. Mayo, who calls upon the naughty and negligent householder in the pose of a distracted and penniless wife.

Her husband, she declares, has been prevented by his injuries from "following his usual occupation," and it is seldom that she fails to elicit financial sympathy.

In cases where this appeal fails, however, threats of a county court action, which Mrs. Mayo is sure her husband will win, usually succeed in producing the desired effect.

The extent to which this pretty little scheme has been operated may be gauged from the fact that no fewer than fifteen different police stations in the London area alone have recently received complaints.

But Mayo was operating as far back as 1925 and he has not always confined his methods to restricted bounds.

When tired of tripping over coal-shoots he will slip upon pavement-lights outside shops, while defective tramlines have more than once provided him with excellent means for indulging in spectacular falls in mid-street.

In the latter connection he recently had the impudence to claim against the London County Council. His injuries on this occasion were "most severe," necessitating "prolonged medical attention."

The fact that he was successful in obtaining "compensation" in other instances encouraged him to proffer a bogus claim concerning a tram-line fall. But the L.C.C. were suspicious and communicated with the police.

Since then Mayo, alias Newman, has steered clear of tram-lines in the metropolitan area.

Bessie takes over

Latterly this resourceful trickster has deemed it advisable to take a rest from his hazardous labours, but that does not mean that the Mayo family has had to substitute margarine for butter or effect any similar economies.

The homefires have been kept burning by his good wife, Bessie Mayo, who has been doing the falls herself!

Thomas James Mayo

And, while Bessie, poor soul, lies languishing at home after each tumble, her husband calls upon the negligent householder to demand adequate compensation for the injuries his better half is presumed to have sustained.

We fail to see why the police cannot put a stop to their impudent frauds.

Even in cases where they have failed in their mission they could have been charged with attempting to obtain money by false pretences.

But the truth is that the Mayos select their victims too carefully. They choose people of the type who hate any fuss or bother and who dread the very thought of figuring in legal proceedings.

We hope, however, that this publicity will be instrumental in putting householders on their guard and so make this profession of intentional accidents carry a real element of danger.

THE PATHOS PARADE

BLIND-ALLEY BLIGHTY

THE general public is under the impression that a great deal has been and is being done for the ex-Service man. Many scores of cases brought to our notice lead us to a different conclusion.

We believe that the efforts of numerous organisations which exist to help Thomas Atkins on his return to "Civvy Street" are in need of co-ordination.

H. G. Manns

Many a man who has fought and bled for his country finds that the rules and regulations which govern the activities of the various associations to which he appeals have been framed so as to make his case one of those for which no assistance can be afforded.

Henry George Manns, a telegraph messenger, enlisted in the 1st Coldstream Guards in 1889. He was discharged in May, 1910, at his own request, with a modified pension of ninepence per day and an exemplary character.

Wrong idea

He saw active service in South Africa where he contracted enteric fever, from the effects of which he suffered for many years.

For seven years Manns was employed as a time and gate keeper with Messrs. Thomas Briggs (London), Ltd., leaving in 1917.

For three years Manns was unable to obtain anything but casual work, but from 1920 to 1922 he was employed by the Welsh Church Commissioners. From 1924 to 1925 the British Empire Exhibition found a use for him.

To-day Manns is fifty-two. All the associations to whom he has applied for employment tell him he is too old. The Veterans' Association do not consider applications from men over forty-five.

Manns does not ask for charity. He wants work. He thought once that his service to his country entitled him to a job of some kind. Now he knows it does not.

As a pensioner in receipt of 5s. 3d. per week as long as he lives, Manns is not entitled to relief from the rates for either himself or his wife.

There is no relief for this war veteran from the unemployment fund because he is now out of benefit. So he and his wife starve.

We turn now to a picture at the other end of the film.

Falsehood winked at

Thomas James Castro enlisted in the Middlesex Regiment on February 17, 1915, a month before he reached the mature age of sixteen. He gave his age as nineteen and the authorities winked at his obvious falsehood.

Castro became a first-class Lewis gunner at the age of seventeen, was twice wounded and for eight months was a prisoner of war in Germany.

At twenty he was demobilised with the 1914-15 Star, British War Medal and Victory Medal. He re-enlisted in May, 1919, in the Queen's Royal Regiment, but after a few months' service was discharged as unfit owing to war wounds.

This veteran had five years' military service to his credit before he reached manhood, but he is ineligible for employment on the permanent staff of the Post Office *because he is not a regular ex-soldier.*

"It is the rule"!

Able-bodied young men are coming out of the Army to-day after three years' peace-time "service with the colours" and are walking into permanent Government jobs over this man's head, while he remains a temporary porter.

"Is it fair?" he asks. "It is the rule" is the reply he receives.

Castro points out that had he given his correct age on enlistment he would never have been sent to France, would not have been wounded and could then have become a "regular" soldier.

He is suffering for his error, but those who took a boy of fifteen for a man of nineteen are not punished. They are busy framing "rules and regulations."

CRIPPLED in a QUEUE

A GIRL'S QUEER FATE

Ministry's Callous Behaviour

IN Government Departments, apparently, there is no room for sympathy or human kindness. Even the plea of a crippled girl is passed from department to department as a matter of routine

FOR over two years Miss Kathleen Cleave, a pretty young girl of Warmley, near Bristol, has waited in vain for the authorities to make some redress for injuries which she sustained while waiting in a queue at the Kingswood Employment Exchange.

Apparently she must wait for ever, and though she will be a lifelong cripple she has received nothing whatever in the way of damages.

Before misfortune overtook her she was employed as a part-time worker with Carsons, Ltd., the well-known chocolate manufacturers, and though the case was in no wise connected with them, Messrs. Carsons most generously assisted their casual employee by contributing much towards the cost of medical treatment, etc.

Callous aloofness

It is illuminating, to say the least, to compare this human and kindly attitude with the callous aloofness of the authorities who were actually closely concerned with the matter.

The official mind, apparently, cannot stoop to sentiment or sympathy.

But let us set forth the simple facts, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Miss Cleave was injured, as we have said, while waiting at the Kingswood Employment Exchange. A window, which was noticeably insecure, fell out suddenly and some of the splintering glass cut right through the muscles of her calf.

Though she has done everything that a poor person could do, Miss Cleave's leg is now paralysed from the knee downwards and she has no feeling in her foot whatever.

This summer she has tried an extensive course of sea-bathing, but the condition of her limb is no better and she still walks with a limp.

Everyone will admit that this is an extremely pathetic case, and the tragedy is heightened by the fact that the injury renders Miss Cleave unable to perform even the casual work she had been doing before.

Senseless quibble

When her plight was brought to the notice of her local Member of Parliament, he immediately took the matter up with the Ministry of Health.

Those officials referred the matter to the Ministry of Labour, who in turn passed it on with delightful precision and routine to the Office of Works!

This department finally reported on the case nearly ten months after the accident, and with characteristic indifference conveniently ignored the pathetic side of the girl's claim and showed a tendency to quibble as to whether most of the glass from the window fell inside or outside the building!

The lay mind will probably find it difficult to understand how anyone could possibly salve his conscience in such circumstances by arguing that, after all, it was "a relatively small portion" of the falling glass "which caused the injury to Miss Cleave."

Only a relatively small portion indeed! At any rate, it was sufficient to cause the serious injuries which have left this poor girl with a perpetual limp! Could anything be more callous?

Apart from this unfeeling quibble, the Office of Works denied that there was any evidence of defective fastening prior to the accident.

Kathleen Cleave

It contended, in fact, that the wooden beads holding the glass in position round the edges of the window were in good condition.

This assertion, whether true or otherwise, is difficult to reconcile with a statement delivered by a firm of building contractors, called in by the police at the time of the accident to barricade the broken window.

This statement sets forth quite explicitly the fact that quite nine-tenths of the glass were found to be outside on the pavement and only a small portion on the inside of the building.

The official mind

It also declared that prior to the accident it had been noticed that the window in question was "badly glazed, the glass being too small and in our opinion it was always liable to break and fall out with the present-day traffic vibration."

But, in spite of all efforts that have been made on behalf of the injured girl, the Office of Works remains adamant. In cold official language it expresses itself as "still unable to modify the decision which has already been given."

Whatever the legal aspects of this case may be, we cannot but express our disgust at the unsympathetic attitude displayed by the authorities.

If, as appears to be the case, they excuse themselves by asserting that their premises were not faulty or dangerous, there still remains the opposite assertion of the building contractors.

An impartial enquiry should soon settle that point, and surely the authorities owe it to Miss Cleave that such an enquiry should be held, and that all available witnesses who were present when the mishap actually occurred should be compelled to attend.

A POULTRY "RUN"

SLOGANS AND SWIFT METHODS

Cackle by Morse

SMALL traders prove easy prey to unscrupulous individuals. Tempting advertisements are put into circulation and goods are despatched. Too often payment for these fails to materialise

NUMEROUS poultry-breeders in a small way of business have been very hard hit as a result of ill-advised dealings with a concern whose code appears to be one of getting all for nothing.

Morse and Son, the concern in question, advertise as "poultry farm produce merchants," and offer top prices for chickens, ducks, old hens and eggs.

It undertakes to supply crates to enable breeders to send their produce to its headquarters in Bethnal Green Road, London, E., and its announcements are worded to suggest that a future connection may be built up.

"An All-British Firm" is its slogan, but complaints before us can hardly be taken as indicating "All-British" methods, for countless clients who have answered the firm's announcement have been very shabbily treated.

They have lost their stock, and in many instances have received nothing in return except a string of promises which show every sign of remaining unfulfilled for ever.

Confidence established

Take the sad case of a Durham miner who kept poultry in his spare time, with the ambition of one day being able to secure land to run a poultry farm and so escape from his underground toil to embrace healthier and more congenial labour.

His every spare moment was devoted to his small feathered possessions and he studied poultry journals regularly to learn all he could of his pet subject.

As soon as he began to increase his stock he scanned all the trade advertisements with a view to selecting the best possible market for disposing of his wares.

It was in this way that he became attracted by the announcements of Morse and Son, and eventually, having some old hens for disposal, he decided to write for prices.

He was delighted with the offer of from 8d. to 10d. per pound live weight for old hens, and when Morse and Son lived up to its advertisement by sending a crate, the miner's confidence was established. He sent off twelve of his hens forthwith, the carriage amounting to 7s. 4d.

Still waiting

That was early in July. He complains that he is still waiting for his money and that any letters he writes on the subject are ignored.

We are not surprised, for his experience is almost identical with that of a Cardiff reader. The latter is a disabled soldier, struggling to supplement his pension by poultry breeding.

He has a wife and eight children to provide for, so it will be readily understood why he was attracted by an offer of "top prices" in respect of his stock.

The prices quoted in reply to his initial enquiry were the same as in the case of the Durham miner, and he, too, was supplied with empty crates for consigning his stock.

In all, he sent fowls aggregating a weight of 196 pounds, and he and his family had to scrape and save and live very sparingly in order to raise the £1 7s. 10d. necessary to pay the carriage.

The family waited eagerly for the money to come from Morse and Son, for it was urgently needed to meet an outstanding account.

Unmerited disgrace

It did not come, and for want of it the hard-working disabled father has been summoned in the county court and has had to bear the additional expense, to say nothing of the unmerited disgrace.

Since then he has written to Morse and Son, and as a result of his repeated pleas he has succeeded in getting the firm to disburse the paltry sum of 10s., little more than a third of the cash expended on carriage!

These two complaints are not isolated, nor is it only in recent times that Morse and Son have shown such unsatisfactory methods in dealing with poultry-breeders.

Complaints of a similar nature reached us towards the end of last year, and the police have also received enquiries from harassed poultry-farmers who have parted with their stock without receiving anything in return.

Sometimes, in staving off the more persistent creditors, this dilatory firm makes the excuse that it has had "such dreadful bad luck." It will pay in due course, etc., but it has been handicapped by "bad trade."

Keep him out!

In the face of all this, it is not surprising to learn that a number of poultry journals have put a ban on Morse and Son's misleading advertisements. At least one indeed is trying in vain to collect accounts relating to announcements which were inserted in the past!

We hope that this warning will prompt all other journals and papers to follow the lead and ensure that such an unprincipled trader is excluded from their columns.

We trust also that our exposure will be in time to save other poultry-breeders from sending their wares to such a bad market.

Small farmers should also bear in mind that, during the next month or so, dealers in the poultry trade will commence their usual autumnal circularising campaign, in the course of which they offer the most alluring prices for seasonal goods.

A BOGUS MILLIONAIRE

HART SPRATT'S FAT HAUL

Sand-in-the-Sahara Salesman

MANY may think it superfluous to warn business men to be cautious in approaching certain deals, yet people with money to invest, and particularly those interested in road transport, should be well on the alert lest they find themselves approached by a suave individual named Henry Hart Spratt.

For Hart Spratt is at present in the West End of London, living luxuriously, and endeavouring to interest investors in forthcoming omnibus ventures on a grand scale.

Posing as a millionaire, he creates interest wherever he goes by his unassuming attire.

Big talk

Where a lesser moneyspinner would betray himself with an ostentatious display of finery, Spratt, drawing on his wonderful knowledge of psychology, is content to dress humbly. But he spends his money lavishly, and talks in titanic figures.

We do not know whether any business men have yet fallen for this clever gentleman's plausible propositions in the present instance, but past experience has shown that even the most astute men of substance and experience have been badly taken in by similar stories.

It is not so very long since Spratt was in Ireland, and a number of gentlemen in Belfast, particularly, will remember his visit with sadness for many a day.

Then, as now, he was posing as the "eccentric millionaire," with more money than pride, and it was really surprising how quickly the rumour spread in certain quarters that his presence in Belfast was due to his interest in a forthcoming omnibus venture.

"He is going to form a big motor combine," the rumour went round, and the business men, who thought they were gleaning a piece of secret information, had not the slightest suspicion that the rumour had been set going by no other person than Spratt himself!

Some of the smaller omnibus proprietors began to grow somewhat apprehensive at the news, which, of course, was exactly what the wily Spratt desired.

In the end, when certain of them were approached by the real live millionaire they were very willing to listen to his suggestions.

Artful tricks

One gentleman who owned a small fleet of omnibuses was delighted when the bogus millionaire offered him no less than £8,000 for his interest, on condition that he came into the combine.

At the meetings which subsequently took place, Mr. Spratt spoke with such conviction that he persuaded the proprietor to invest £1,475 himself before he received a penny of the promised £8,000!

Similar tricks were played upon a number of other 'bus proprietors, and after Spratt had collected a very substantial sum of money, he suddenly decamped.

As the result of this piece of work at least one of the victims was forced into the Bankruptcy Court; but by the time that the

Henry Hart Spratt

Irish police had been apprised of the full facts it was too late for them to trace the elusive "millionaire."

As a matter of fact, the imaginary purchase or disposal of motor-cars or omnibuses has long been a favourite practice with Mr. Henry Hart Spratt.

Too small fry

While he began some years back by victimising the smaller fry, he quickly found it too tiresome to use his persuasive powers and creative genius for such paltry returns as £100 or £200.

He had started by impressing men with small amounts at their disposal that he was able to offer private motor-'buses on the hire-purchase system on payment of a small initial deposit.

Complaints were made to the police just at the very moment when Spratt was abandoning these smaller fry in favour of larger game.

At that time he was in the habit of dining at one of the most exclusive restaurants in the West End, and he had there made the acquaintance of a wealthy captain.

Representing himself as a great omnibus magnate, he told his military friend that he had fixed up a very favourable contract with the London General Omnibus Company to purchase discarded 'buses, which he intended to export to France at a fabulous profit.

Quite casually, it seemed, he let fall the remark that he was floating a company in this connection, and at a subsequent interview he let the captain "come in" to the extent of £12,000.

It was just at this critical juncture that he was in trouble with a small 'bus company from which he had obtained a sum of money in respect of 'buses he was quite unable to deliver.

Spratt, however, was quite undaunted and with characteristic cheek told his military friend a very plausible story to fit the situation, and the result was that the unsuspecting captain even advanced the "magnate" a further sum.

Spratt promptly handed over this latter sum to the company in settlement of its claims and so escaped very lightly.

More fairy tales

Buoyed up with these successes, Spratt struck up a friendship with yet another officer, to whom he recounted a similar string of fairy stories. The best testimony to his wonderful powers is the fact that he relieved this victim of an even larger sum!

Of course, the great deals never came off, and Spratt eventually landed in the Bankruptcy Court without a penny in the way of assets! The tragedy of it was that many of his dupes had been fleeced of their life savings.

This was Spratt's second appearance in bankruptcy. He was in the same predicament in 1918, and on that occasion the Registrar very aptly remarked that he was a man who could "sell sand in the Sahara!"

Apart from his omnibus ventures Spratt was concerned in 1923 with the flotation of an advertising company.

As far as we can gather, this company was formed with the avowed object of erecting advertising signs on electric trains and on electric standards. There is no evidence, however, that this object ever met with any great success.

Simple method

All that may be said for this venture now is that when Spratt found that a modest capital of £500 did not attract investors he promptly increased it to £25,000.

In spite of this inflation, the company's light fizzled out miserably and the shareholders got very little out of it.

Among Spratt's long list of dupes we must include a number of bookmakers with whom he has run up big accounts.

His method of procedure is simplicity itself. If he wins he takes the money; if he loses he finds another bookmaker!

Taking him all in all, Mr. Henry Hart Spratt is as unsatisfactory a financier as one might wish to find in a day's march, but in spite of the many interesting points in his character, we see no reason why he should be allowed to add to his already formidable list of dupes.

The authorities have received a number of enquiries since he reappeared in the West End, and we trust that they will put a stop to his operations without delay.

Golf Club Scandal

An Innocent Victim

WHEN Major F. F. O'Carroll accepted the secretaryship of the Coulsdon Golf Club a little while back he imagined that he was taking up a congenial position.

Being granted living accommodation, he was content with the modest salary of £3 per week, and he had no idea that he would very soon find himself in a very grave predicament.

The club was run by a limited company, and it was to the directors of this concern that Major O'Carroll referred all important questions.

He carried on energetically until suddenly, to his amazement, he began to be bombarded with personal writs.

He immediately sought the advice of his lawyers, only to learn with dismay that the claims were likely to succeed owing to certain technical omissions on his part.

Disclaimed obligations

In the first place, the note-heading of the Coulsdon Golf Club gave no address and conveyed no intimation as to the proprietors.

Moreover, the major had signed all orders to tradesmen personally, and the opinion expressed was that he was personally responsible.

To crown matters, the limited company behind the club had gone into liquidation, and it seems that Major O'Carroll can hope for little support from the company.

This is most extraordinary when one learns that the company in question was the Coulsdon Court Estates, Ltd., with Sir Patrick Bellingham, Bart., D.S.O., as its leading light.

A Mr. H. Stanley was secretary, while other people who have been concerned with the company are Mr. John Salvin, Mrs. Beatrice Lilian Stuart, Mr. Ronald Derwent Hawker and Mr. Frederick Llewellyn.

We cannot think that Sir Patrick and the other members of the company will refuse to recognise their moral responsibilities in the matter.

It would be shabby, to say the least, if Major O'Carroll, their paid servant, should be left to shoulder such overwhelming responsibilities.

It is estimated that the debts for which he is now being held liable, but which were incurred on behalf of the golf club, amount to something like £5,000.

Sorry plight

The major has never owed a penny in his life, and now, through no fault of his own, he is faced with insolvency.

If the creditors succeed in their application his plight will be an unenviable one.

It would not only be preposterous if the directors who employed him at £3 a week should expect him to meet such heavy debts, it would be cowardly in the extreme.

The least they can do is to come forward and offer what assistance they can. We cannot think that they will seek to shelter behind the *débris* of their limited liability company.

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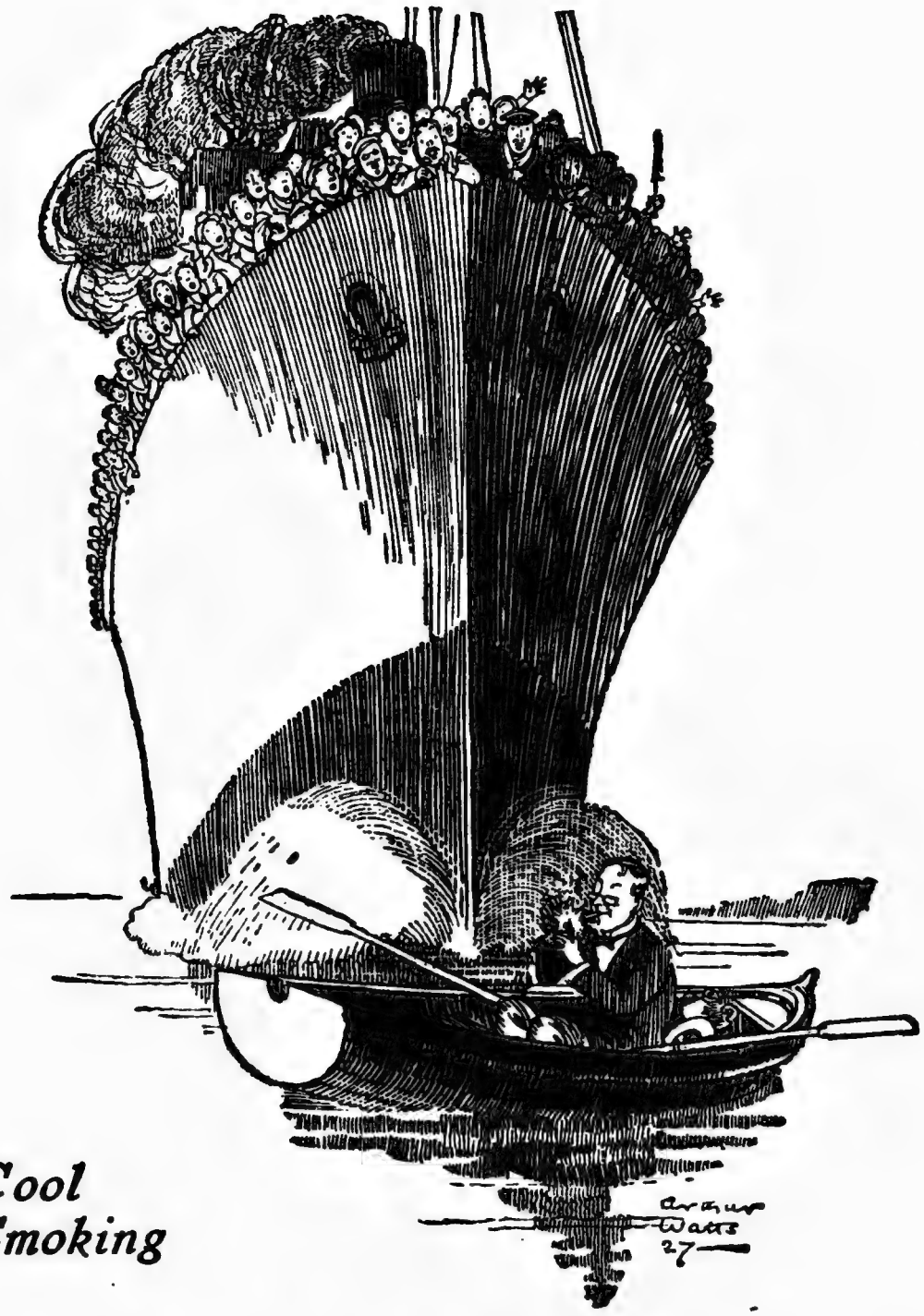

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It's the Tobacco that Counts

N.C.C.38

THE housing problem continues—a menace and a disgrace to Britain. Families are herded together worse than cattle, and disease and discontent naturally result. Statesmen must make a move in the matter at once. Delay is more than dangerous.

A Problem for the Prince

by CAPT. R. L. REISS *(Chairman of Executive, Garden Cities and Town Planning Associations)*

AT frequent intervals doses of soothing syrup are doled out from the Ministry of Health, particularly by the Parliamentary Secretary, Sir Kingsley Wood, suggesting that the rapid progress now being made with housing is likely to produce a solution to the problem in a very short time.

Unthinking people are apt to conclude that the housing evils have largely disappeared and that the position is much better than it was when the war came to an end. Unfortunately this is far from being the case.

The houses built during the last few years have barely met the ordinary annual demands due to increase in population, and have done nothing to remedy the appalling overcrowding and slum conditions which prevailed on demobilisation.

Let me start with the personal experience of the Prince of Wales when he visited Whitechapel not so long ago. At his own suggestion he visited a tenement, selected at random, in the evening.

The family had gone to bed, but when the identity of the visitor was disclosed, Mr. Brand (the tenant) insisted on getting out of bed to receive the Prince, and he told the Prince that in the two rooms he occupied were himself and his wife and five children.

Shocking instances

It was recently reported in the papers that a family of eight live and sleep in one room measuring 11 ft. by 9 ft. at Cedars Road, Edmonton. The family consists of father, mother, daughters (eighteen, sixteen, ten), boy of six, girl of three, and a baby thirteen months.

A short time ago, at a meeting of the Health Committee of the Merthyr Town Council, it was reported that there was a family in the workhouse, man, wife and seven children, because their home had been broken up and they could not find a house to shelter them.

At the same meeting Dr. Duncan, medical officer of health, said that in one district there were ten cellar-dwellings, all occupied, and it was impossible to eject the tenants owing to the impossibility of getting other accommodation.

The medical officer of health for Derby in his last report gives examples of letters received from applicants on the waiting-list of the borough council, of which two may be quoted: "Five of us have to sleep in one small bedroom, while one daughter has to go out and live with friends."

Again: "I am a tuberculous case and I, wife and four children are sleeping in the front bedroom, three sons in the middle bedroom, and my married son and wife in the back bedroom. The rooms are very small."

Despairing waiting-list

Newcastle Corporation's Housing Committee states that in the middle of November, 1926, the number of applicants for rented houses on its books was 7,800.

But it is not only in the large towns that these evils exist.

At the monthly meeting of the local school managers at Teignmouth, a seaside watering-place visited by the well-to-do in the summer, it was reported that a man, wife and four children had been living in a caravan because they could not obtain a house.

One of the children had died and one had been removed to hospital.

At Hereford so bad is the overcrowding and lack of accommodation that—according to a statement made at a meeting of the Council of Christian Congregations—even in many of the council houses families were living in single rooms.

At Cambridge over 1,000 applicants are on the waiting-list for houses.

At Llanelly in one house, with only a single bedroom, eleven persons reside.

At the meeting of the West Lancashire Rural Council it was reported that in a one-roomed house thirteen people lived. The adults sleep on chairs and the children take turns in the bed. Water was obtained from a tap in the lavatory at the village inn.

The only way

The building of subsidy houses for sale, which has been proceeding apace during the last two years, has not affected the problem of people living in these conditions. *It is only by increasing the supply of houses to let at moderate weekly rents that the housing problem will be solved.*

Unfortunately, even with the increasing activity during the last few years, the production of houses let at weekly rents only amounts to about 40,000 a year, and that is barely sufficient to meet the needs due to increased population.

But critics may ask, Can we afford to go on building subsidised houses even at the present rate? In any case can we afford to speed up the programme? The answer is two-fold.

From the purely economic point of view we cannot afford *not* to solve the housing problem. As was pointed out by one of the school managers at the meeting at Teignmouth, mentioned above, "We are paying for children's education, but the work is being undone in many instances by overcrowding."

Homes of vice

The medical officer of health for Edinburgh stated that he had divided the city up into five groups, each representing one-fifth of the city population. There were nearly 4,000 more deaths in the group where there was greatest overcrowding and slums. There were 360 more deaths from tuberculosis, 495 from epidemic diseases and over 1,000 more deaths of children under one year of age.

The second answer to the financial objection is that a Christian community cannot tolerate the continuance of the existing conditions even though the remedy may cost money.

The bad health resulting from overcrowding in slums, family quarrels resulting from young married couples having to live in inadequate accommodation with their families, the difficulty of preventing immorality and vice under such conditions are such that no civilised community can tolerate.

As Sir John Robertson, the well-known medical officer of health for Birmingham, put it recently: "If we lived in these conditions, you and I would be drunkards probably and evil livers and would probably spend most of our time away from the house."

What then is the course which the nation should pursue? First and foremost, the energies of public authorities must be directed towards the building of many more houses.

These houses must be available for renting at weekly rents which the working people can afford to pay. Meanwhile, efforts must be made to prevent the extracting of exorbitant rents from sub-tenants of apartments.

In the case of the small towns the surplus population, after clearance, can be accommodated on the new housing sites on the outskirts, provided always that the rents are reasonable.

Captain R. L. Reiss

Difficult problem

The problem is more difficult, however, in the case of the large towns, of which London may be taken as the supreme example. In the inner ring of London boroughs—Stepney, Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Southwark—there are large slum areas which are grossly overcrowded.

If they are cleared and new houses erected, reasonably spaced, a large proportion of the population will not be accommodated on the site again. How should the surplus population be accommodated?

One solution is to build high block-dwellings. In this way people would be able to continue to live near their work. But no one with knowledge of working-class conditions regards this as being the right way of housing families.

A second alternative is to house the surplus population out on the outskirts, in places like Becontree and Tottenham. This, however, involves people going long distances to and from their work, further accentuating the traffic difficulties and wasting a considerable portion of the workers' scanty wages.

The L.C.C. is already up against this difficulty at Becontree.

The real solution

The only satisfactory solution is to encourage industry to move out into new "satellites," garden cities established in the open country, and to house the people there under conditions which will enable them to be within walking distance of their work and of the open country, and at the same time to have good houses with a garden and plenty of open space.

The success of Letchworth and Welwyn Garden Cities shows that such a scheme is possible.

But many more such schemes are required, and instead of spending large sums on new bridges and street widenings the State and the County Council should co-operate in establishing new garden cities to which both industry and population could be moved.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the present Minister of Health, has publicly stated that this "satellite" town policy is the only satisfactory solution for London. But he says that public opinion is not yet ripe for it.

It is up to us to show that public opinion demands it and to popularise the slogan, "Not slums, not suburbs, but satellites."

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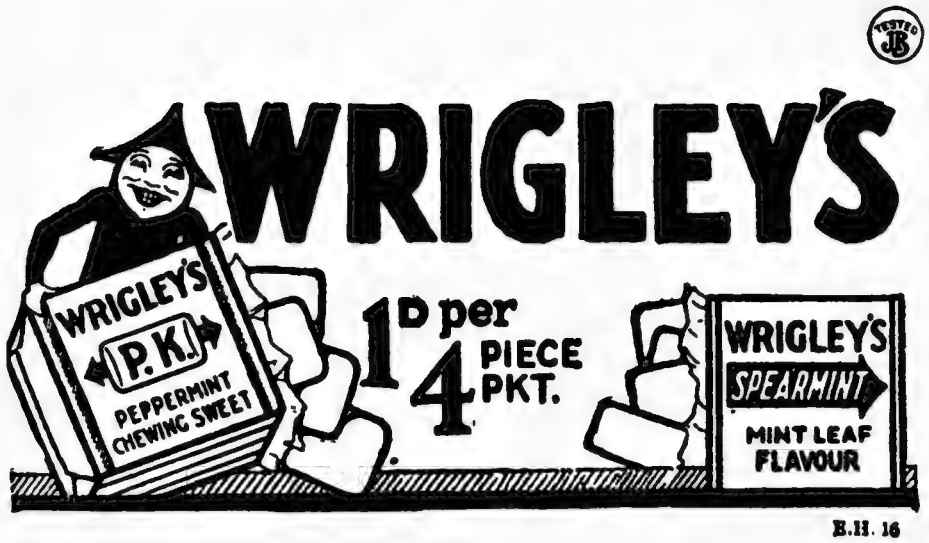

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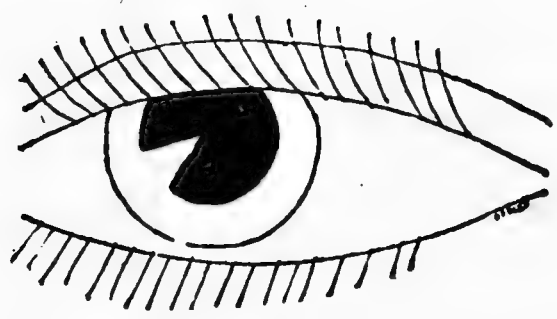

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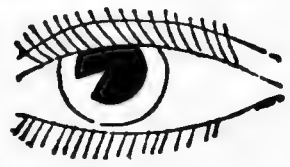

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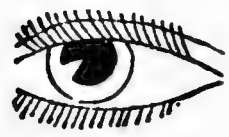

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JOHN BULL is an open platform for the expression of all shades of genuine opinion. Our contributor is an acknowledged expert in his subject, and though his views are not necessarily ours, we realise their importance.

I Disagree with the Editor

by SIR GEORGE L. COURTHOPE, M.C., M.P.

FROM time to time most countries pass through periods of political agitation about the ownership of agricultural land. We are in the midst of one such period now.

The reasons for this agitation are many, some simple and elementary, some complex and involved. To begin with, land is owned by a minority of the nation, and consequently excites the envy of those who have none.

Secondly, it yields so poor a return as an investment that it can only be owned by those who can apply capital and labour to its cultivation, or by those whose means enable them to be content with a very low rate of interest.

Thirdly, owners of property, in the natural desire to protect and preserve what is their own, are the stoutest opponents of nationalisation and other destructive doctrines, and therefore arouse the enmity of the Socialist Party.

Fourthly, the landowner is a convenient "Aunt Sally" for the missiles of every empty-headed seeker after political excitement who has no sensible policy of his own.

The thing that matters

Let us look at the present position and at the proposals of those who wish to change it.

For practical purposes it is quite immaterial whether land is held in theory from the Crown by virtue of various forms of service or of grant.

Nor does it concern us whether the Enclosure Acts were justified or not, any more than it matters to-day whose land William the Conqueror gave to the great religious orders, or to whom Henry VIII. granted it when he dispossessed the monasteries.

What matters is that land has been freely bought and sold for centuries, and that private ownership has been recognised and regulated by many Acts of Parliament and by countless legal decisions.

Another important fact, usually ignored by those who assert that the land belongs to the State, is that the value of agricultural land has been created by the past expenditure of successive owners upon such things as drainage, roads, bridges, fences and buildings.

It is estimated that, on an average, the full market value of agricultural property is expended upon its maintenance and improvement every thirty years. This heavy expenditure is a serious burden upon owners of land, but it provides a strong argument in favour of private ownership.

It is essential to the national interest that the fertility of the soil and the production of food should be maintained and, if possible, increased.

This is only possible if this expenditure is continued. Most people will do everything in their power to maintain and improve their own property, but very few are willing to spend large sums upon the property of others.

Absurd suggestion

But if large sums are not spent, the fertility of the soil will diminish, and the production of food become less and less. Who is to find all this money if private ownership is abolished?

Mr. Lloyd George wishes to place the burden of maintenance upon the farmers, although the State will own the land they occupy. It is absurd to suggest that men, who are liable to be turned out of their farms at short notice if local officials disapprove of their methods, will sink their money in bringing their holdings up to the highest state of efficiency and equipment.

The Socialists, on the other hand, say that land should be nationalised and that the State should provide the necessary money to maintain the fertility of the soil.

Let us examine these proposals a little and see what they mean. Let us first ask, What would the State have to pay for it? Some wild folk say that the State should take the land for nothing.

Mr. Lloyd George suggests that the dispossessed owner should receive an annuity, which should be less than the present rent to start with, and should get less as wages rise, until it fades away altogether.

Intolerable robbery

But British ideas of fair play are opposed to confiscation of any kind, and I do not believe that any Government could carry out a scheme for nationalising the land without paying a fair price for it.

Many farmers have spent all they possessed and all they could borrow in buying their farms. Nationalisation without full compensation would mean the calling-in of loans and mortgages, and inevitable ruin.

The British people would never tolerate such robbery. Let us assume, then, that fair market value would be paid.

According to the official returns, there are about thirty million acres of agricultural land in this country, exclusive of rough grazing.

The market price varies considerably, but the average of recent sales appears to be about £30 per acre. On this basis, the cost of agricultural land would be some £900,000,000.

In order to add so large a sum to the national debt, at least 5 per cent. interest would have to be offered, whether the purchase-price be paid to the former owners in cash or in bonds.

Ruinous investment

The interest alone on this £900,000,000 would be £45,000,000 a year, which the unfortunate taxpayer would have to pay.

The average gross rent of agricultural land is about 25s. per acre, of which at least half must be spent on repairs, maintenance, tithes and other outgoings, leaving no more than 12s. 6d. per acre as the net rent. On thirty million acres this amounts to £18,000,000 a year.

On this basis, there would be an annual loss to the State—that is, the taxpayers—of £27,000,000. These figures are, of course, only estimates based on recent average prices and rentals, but they are sufficiently accurate to show that nationalisation would be a ruinous investment.

In addition to this annual loss, provision would have to be made for a horde of new officials, who would be required to manage, inspect and control so vast an enterprise.

We see, then, that if the State buys up the agricultural land of the country, there must be more national debt, more taxation and more officials.

What would the State get in exchange? Nothing whatever, except the responsibility and difficulty of trying to manage thirty million acres of farms, small holdings, market-gardens and allotments, and to collect the rents from those who occupy them.

Would more food be produced? No, probably less; because many occupiers who now own their holdings would have less incentive to effort if the ownership is taken from them.

Would more labour be employed? No, probably less. The amount of labour required for cultivation, care of live-stock and similar matters would not be affected by the change of ownership, but it is probable that many of the estate hands now employed by the larger landowners would lose their jobs.

Sir George L. Courthope, M.C., M.P.

Nothing to gain

Would more small holdings and allotments be provided? No; there are ample powers for this purpose under the existing law, which has been simplified and extended by the Small Holdings and Allotments Act, 1926.

Nationalisation could do nothing more in this direction. So far as I can see, no one would gain by the change, except the new officials.

These are some of the considerations which have led me to the firm conviction that there is a good deal to lose and nothing to gain by abolishing private ownership and putting State ownership in its place. Recent years have seen a great increase in the number of owner-occupiers—that is, of farmers or market-gardeners who own the land they cultivate.

This is undoubtedly a good thing, because ownership alone gives absolute security of tenure, and encourages the maximum of care and effort.

The present Government by its legislation is rightly encouraging occupiers to buy their holdings. The one thing which is needed more than any other by cultivators, small and great, is a sound system of agricultural credit.

Crippling handicap

It is true that long-term loans for improvements can be obtained from the Lands Improvement Company, which was established for the purpose by special Acts of Parliament, and has already advanced some £14,000,000 for farm buildings, drainage, water supply and similar purposes.

But there is urgent need for long-term credit on easy terms to assist occupiers to buy their holdings, and for short-term credit to enable them to produce their crops to the best advantage.

The working capital which sufficed for successful cultivation before the war is quite inadequate now, and production is often handicapped by shortage of cash for the purchase of manures and other necessaries, and for the payment of labour.

The Government has given this question of agricultural credit a prominent place in its programme, and it is to be hoped that JOHN BULL and its readers will join the ranks of those who are pressing that this urgent problem should be tackled without delay.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T., St. James's Palace, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—The gift for saying the right thing at the right time in the right place has been developed to perfection in you, as you proved once again in Ottawa when you described the Crown as the element which unifies differences of race and party. I am convinced that your wide conception of a commonwealth of free peoples is the right one, and the Empire is fortunate to possess in yourself so far-seeing an heir to the Imperial Throne. The security of the Royal House will never be in danger whilst such as you are members of it. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you upon your efforts to popularise the telephone service. That they have met with some success is proved by the net growth in telephones during the last financial year amounting to 118,633. Sixty-eight new rural exchanges opened in the last six months denotes a stirring of stagnant waters, but a lot remains to be done. Easy communication spells commercial life, to the advantage of the nation. Get on with it! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P., President, Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—I agree that nothing in local affairs is more important than efficient, careful and sympathetic administration. But your strictures on modern tendencies strike me as flippant. There may be a disposition to lay burdens on the "State," and the slogan, "You have the baby and we do the rest," may raise a laugh. Nevertheless, it is necessary to remember that the "State" is the whole body of citizens who compose it. When the elected representatives of those citizens fail to do their duty in solving unemployment where else can poverty-stricken victims of a feeble administration lay their burdens?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—That the delegations to Geneva were ill-chosen, and the lack of preliminary exchanges of views a serious handicap to a successful issue, I readily agree, and I am with you in believing that it will be a crime and a tragedy if our efforts in the direction of a limitation of armaments are seriously checked by this failure. An agreement between the English-speaking peoples could assure lasting peace to the world, and statesmen who fail to further this policy will be false to the trust reposed in them. JOHN BULL.

To INSPECTOR WEST, Thames Police Court, Wapping.

DEAR SIR,—You have earned the grateful thanks of a mother, who in a letter to me details your splendid action in diving repeatedly to rescue first one boy and then another little child who had fallen into the river and become embedded in the mud. Bringing the latter to the surface you worked for an hour to restore respiration, and saw the child into hospital before you thought of your own condition. It is not for nothing that our police officers are looked upon as "friends of the people." The title is thoroughly earned.

JOHN BULL.

To the MAGISTRATES, Surrey Quarter Sessions.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot praise either your intelligence or your humanity. Although Charles Harrison, aged twenty-two, has been certified by a prison medical officer as suffering from sleepy sickness of a chronic kind, though he has the mentality of a boy of twelve only, and made a most pathetic plea on his own behalf, you have ignored the evidence and sent him to twelve months' hard labour. I wonder what the verdict would have been had one of your own sons been similarly afflicted and "guilty" of the same lapse? Would not a doctor's evidence have carried weight then? JOHN BULL.

ANOTHER DANGEROUS BUILDING—WHY SAVE IT?

To Mrs. HARMAN, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.

DEAR MADAM,—Living above an oil-shop, you were in fearful danger when fire broke out. With your baby in your arms you managed to stumble down the stairs, through choking fumes and smoke, braving what the firemen could not face until they had donned gas masks and helmets. But "you had baby and so had to do it." Truly the love of a mother can accomplish the seemingly impossible.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. E. G. BARTON, Bassetlaw, Saunby.

DEAR SIR,—You are that remarkable phenomenon, a farmer who cheerfully admits that farming can be made to pay. Proof of your success is given in winning the fifty-guinea gold cup, gold medal, and fifty guineas cash with your Friesian cow, which gave the record yield of nearly eleven gallons of milk in one day. But then you do not hunt, nor tour the country, nor grumble, but work, which may explain it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. B. BAILEY, Magistrate, Stratford.

DEAR SIR,—A fine of £25 was imposed on William Binge for using his premises for betting purposes, and later he was again summoned for carrying on business without an Excise certificate. "A rich man can bet as much as he likes," you remarked. "It rather appears there is one law for the rich and another for the poor." You emphasised your comments by fining him only 20s., but it is too much to hope that your protest will lead to a recasting of our illogical and unjust gambling laws. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HERBERT PLUMBRIDGE, Bathing-place Attendant, Chertsey.

DEAR SIR,—To your numerous feats of life-saving you have now added the further effort of saving two in one day. One you caught sight of entangled in weeds, and reached him in the nick of time; the other man, Mr. William Carr, a post-office clerk, got into difficulties and was actually sinking for the fourth time when you reached him. Bathers who take risks must be very glad of you. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MALCOLM MACNAUGHTAN, The Aid Society, Wandsworth Prison, S.W.

DEAR SIR.—Your indictment of the public attitude to young offenders is disquieting. No one wants him, most trade-union members will not work with him, the Navy, Army, and the railways will not look at him. On the other hand, the public leaves motor-cars, jewels, purses, bicycles carelessly unprotected, merely becoming vindictive if these lads, victims of society in the first place, fall again into wrong-doing. Your straight words must touch our consciences. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. CHURCHILL:—"No blame for the Geneva failure rests upon our delegates."

Right! It rests upon the vacillating character of the statesmanship behind the delegates.

* * *

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—"The world has been invited to behold a series of muddles!"

It is always open for statesmen of any Party to invite it to witness a display of successes.

* * *

MR. E. D. SIMON:—"Wages have always increased fastest when trade unions were weakest!"

Piffle. The very existence of trade unions proves the contrary.

* * *

SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—"We can only build up more social reform if we get more trade."

More trade depends on social reform, so it matters little which end of the stick is grabbed first.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

A SHOCK FOR SHYLOCK

WE WIN ANOTHER TRICK

Pests Put to Rest

BEFORE Parliament rose for the summer vacation the Moneylenders Act was placed on the Statute Book.

We have no hesitation in taking to ourselves a large amount of credit for this piece of legislation. Year in and year out we have been hammering away at successive Governments to do something to clip the usurers' wings.

The offices of JOHN BULL have always been a haven for the harassed borrower. Its pages could have been filled, over and over again, with heartrending stories of distraught people seeking our advice on harsh and unfair contracts, which some rascal or another has battened on to them in their extremity.

The thanks of the public are due in no small measure to Lord Darling and Mr. Burman, M.P., for their public-spirited action in sponsoring this Act through Parliament. As a late judge of the King's Bench, Lord Darling was in a position to speak with authority on the question. He has done so to some good purpose.

THE Act, though it is not all we should desire it should be, will go a long way towards eliminating the unscrupulous members of the moneylending fraternity.

For many years now moneylenders have been obliged to register themselves as moneylenders. That the register contained the names of many well-known rascals could not be denied, and in any new legislation it was clear that this side of the question had to receive drastic treatment.

We are glad to see that it has, for the duty of saying who shall and who shall not be allowed to carry on a moneylending business has been put upon the magistrates. Before a moneylender can function he will have to go before a magistrate and obtain a licence entitling him to do so, and he will be required to furnish good and sufficient evidence that he is a fit and proper person to carry on the business.

We urge the magistrates of this country to keep alive to their responsibilities in this matter and remind them that this new duty must not be allowed to develop into a mere formality.

The Act has rightly put a heavy penalty upon any attempt to carry on the business without a licence. Throughout it rightly seeks to safeguard the borrower.

By an excellent provision it is incumbent upon the moneylender to make it perfectly clear to the borrower the terms upon which the money is lent.

NO contract will in future be enforceable unless all the terms of the loan are embodied in a memorandum which must be signed by the borrower before the money is lent.

In future the moneylender will not be allowed to use the post and so pester the public. This will put a large number of them out of "practice," for it has been hitherto the most favoured way for obtaining business—and dupes.

There are thousands of people who would have been spared life-long misery had they not been the recipients of a specious circular or letter.

There is no doubt that the well-known ingenuity of the fraternity will be exercised and efforts made to sidetrack this provision. It is to be hoped, however, that any such attempt will be severely dealt with.

An attempt has also been made in the Act to regulate rate of interest, and compound interest is no longer to be chargeable.

We repeat that in many ways the Act does not go far enough. A serious effort has, however, been made to deal with an extremely difficult problem.

Loopholes in the Act there are bound to be and every advantage will be taken of them. But we warn the fraternity that we shall continue to keep a very sharp eye upon them indeed.

THE PRINCE FOR PEACE

A GREAT LEAD

LISTENERS throughout the United States of America, Great Britain and elsewhere, have had the opportunity of hearing the Prince of Wales make a speech on the occasion of the greatest gesture for peace in history.

The attention of the world has been invited to an almost unknown town, not because it is of exceptional interest in itself, but because it has suddenly become famous as the Canadian terminal of the mighty Bridge of Peace thrown across the River Niagara.

In Port Erie stands one end of that Peace Bridge, the other rests on the soil of the city of Buffalo in America.

The Prince of Wales, as heir to the Throne, and Mr. Baldwin, as Prime Minister, were our representatives at its dedication. This took the form of a great Thanksgiving Service that peace between America and Canada has been unbroken for a hundred years.

This thankfulness is not an ephemeral thing to the peoples across the water. This Peace Bridge means something more than sentiment to them. It means more than friendship, great as that is. A hundred years of peace between these two countries, with prospect of hundreds more to come, means free and untrammelled intercourse, access to each other's wealth, the coming and going of busy, unhindered commerce.

In a word, it symbolises progress and prosperity for the present and security for the generations yet unborn.

And if for Canada and America this thing is possible, why not for the rest of the world? Peace may be made a tradition as natural and compelling as the horribly recurrent misery of war.

It has been made so, for one hundred years, between America and Canada. Those countries are young and ardent, courageous and full of ambitions.

Both have been troubled by difficult and dangerous racial antagonisms. There have been boundaries, rights of way, land concessions, restrictions and privileges to discuss and dispute over. But they have been met and overcome.

Brains, instead of battleaxes, have been the weapons used. Temper, not blood, has been spilt.

It has been a happy choice. Americans and Canadians have shown the world that peace pays. That is why the mighty Peace Bridge thrown across the roaring waters of Niagara is so significant.

"May it serve," said the Prince of Wales, "as a continual reminder to all that to seek peace and ensue that peace is the first and highest duty of this generation and those yet to come."

Will the royal reminder be heeded? Or will Europe blunder on, enmeshed in armaments, until her civilisation is rattled to its doom?

Lord Darling, who, when a Judge of the High Court, adjudicated in many moneylending actions

FUTILE FORCE

Sacco and Vanzetti

AT the moment Sacco and Vanzetti are respited. It may be that these two men, whose doom has been held over their heads for more than six years, will finally escape electrocution.

If their sentence was biased by their political opinions, it is to be hoped they will.

Death for opinions, along with dungeons, torture, and the rest of the paraphernalia of the Inquisition, should long ago have been relegated to the middle ages.

At the same time, we have always held that no country has a right to interfere with the internal affairs of another.

That is an opinion to which we still adhere, while bound to admit that something is very wrong when the proposed execution of two men arouses such world-wide indignation as the sentencing of Sacco and Vanzetti has done.

It is clear that the world's sense of justice has been outraged.

If these men are finally released it will be due to that fact and that alone.

There is a strong body of reasoned opinion against their execution. That opinion has been working quietly all these years, moving in constitutional ways, moving through legitimate channels to make itself felt.

It has not been without effect. But for that opinion Sacco and Vanzetti would long ago have met their death.

That is what makes the recent outbreak of mob violence, threats and bomb-throwing so very deplorable.

It came within an ace of precipitating the very calamity it sought to avert.

Violence can only provoke violence. It does less than nothing to promote reason, humanity or justice.

Does No One Care?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

IF we are to regain our former proud place in the world we must learn to take more care of our children. To toss them thoughtlessly into an overcrowded labour market is to court disaster.

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, who announced the Government's acceptance of the proposals for dealing with juvenile unemployment

EVERY year about 600,000 children of both sexes leave school in search of employment. Get this figure well into your head and try to visualise what it means.

An army! A veritable army of eager childhood! An enormous outpouring of impetuous youth seeking to forge its way into industrial life, driven by ambition and spurred by hope.

Every year 600,000 more! What happens to them?

Are they, by wise and skilled direction, shaped into self-respecting manhood and womanhood, clear-eyed, clear-minded, effective units in industrial affairs?

Or do we allow the majority to fall away, to lose confidence, to sink lower and lower until their one mark of recognition is that they are known to the police?

Our Borstal institutions are filled from somewhere—and later our prisons. How many of their inhabitants were once part of this vast annual army of hopeful youth whom we have failed to help?

Politics and humbug

Achievement and tragedy move side by side as this army of 600,000 marches out from the schoolgates to join issue with the world.

Achievement for a few, tragedy for the majority; and it is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the tragedy is largely of our making.

The great game of Politics—the other name for which is too often Humbug—is an urgent game for the players: it is so urgent that the spectators are forgotten.

There are careers to make, reputations to save, and prizes—"glittering prizes"—to be won by those who can reduce wangling to a fine art.

Why do we tolerate such apathy and delay? Why don't we give our legislators their orders and see that they carry them out—or go?

Take this urgently pressing problem of the mass of juvenile labour thrown at regular intervals on to an overcrowded labour market.

A vicious habit

There is not the slightest excuse for any delay in dealing with it. Neither the Ministry of Labour nor the Board of Education can bring forward one good reason for not tackling it.

It has become a vicious habit in British politics when urgent matters threaten to interfere with the game to set up a committee. It delays matters beautifully—and no one need bother about what the committee says!

It was done in this case. In fact two committees were set up—one for England and one for Scotland. They were told to enquire into the question of Education and Industry and see what could be done to save this annual army of children from disaster.

They investigated and reported—and, as usual, the matter rests—unless we can wake up our legislators to a sense of their responsibility.

The committees urged that there should be more easy access for parents to information about industrial conditions; the raising of the school age from fourteen to fifteen; the appointment of National Advisory Committees for juvenile employment; and the adoption of a permanent school of juvenile unemployment centres, attendance at which (or some other approved course of instruction) should be a normal condition for receipt of unemployment benefit.

Now these are all proposals of the highest importance. They aim at safeguarding the future of a tremendous number of our future citizens.

In fact, not so long ago, Viscount Cecil, speaking in the House of Lords, said that the Government generally accepted the recommendations of these committees.

Then why, for goodness sake, doesn't somebody get a move on and do something?

So far as I know the Government has not even appointed the National Advisory Council—a thing which Viscount Cecil admitted did not need legislation.

Training tramps

Just think of it for a minute. The taxpayers' money spent on long and expert investigation; a body of recommendations that would go a long way towards solving one of the most tragic problems of the day; a Government that cheerfully accepts the recommendations—and never lifts a finger to put them into operation!

Humbug! The Great Game of Politics! And meanwhile thousands of children are tramping the streets looking for work!

Surely the proud British nation can do better with its children than that? Surely we are not yet so poor either in purse or brain that we must train our children to be tramps?

I really cannot understand why one of the most common-sense proposals of these committees was not put into operation long ago—namely, what they termed the "working certificate."

They recommended that employers should require the production of such a certificate from all applicants under sixteen.

The certificate would only be obtainable at an employment exchange, and the holder when not in employment would have to attend a juvenile unemployment centre or some other approved course of instruction.

Are they to drift?

I can only suppose that such a simple proposal was altogether too much for the tortuous mentality of our politicians.

Nevertheless, in the interest of the future of this land, for the sake of the next generation who will be our workmen, our salesmen and—who knows?—our statesmen, a proposal so full of potentialities for good should be put into operation without delay.

For do not forget that this problem of juvenile unemployment is not a stationary problem. It is a constantly growing problem.

There were 600,000 left school last year in search of work; there will be another 600,000 this year—and next year.

Are they to drift? Or are they to be guided and trained and helped?

The Government is apathetic: but so are we apathetic. If we woke up we could wake up the Government.

All the weapons we need to avert tragedy from the nation's children are to hand. It is for us to insist that they shall be effectively used.

I do not believe that, as a nation, we do not value our child life. I think the real trouble is that we do not know what is going on.

We ought to know. That we do not is, perhaps, our greatest crime.

Spank the

Marriage is life's greatest adventure. Too many rush into it without a thought of its tremendous responsibility.

A GOOD many youths and girls marry every year while they are still infants in the eyes of the law. The girl is too young to be permitted to get the wedding trimmings on credit, but she is not too young to wed. The youth is too young to be trusted with a vote, but is not too young to found a family.

Mr. A. F. Holt

It used to be a fairly common custom for a courting couple to begin to save when they began to "keep company" and to marry only when they were in a position to furnish a home. Courtship was, in a sense, a period of probation, preparation, effort, self-denial.

To-day far too many jump into marriage without preparation, without a single glance in the direction of the future, possibly dependent on the "dole" or out-relief, quite commonly with but a single room and a few hired sticks or a room under the parental roof in which to begin life's most important adventure.

The wife is often prematurely aged before she is thirty. She is usually a drudge, sometimes a slattern, possibly broken down by childbearing.

The early years of the child are usually a struggle for existence, and when it survives it is far more often on the C3 level than Class A.

The husband, seeing the early withering of whatever good looks his girl-wife once possessed, turns his attention elsewhere, and what he calls his home becomes merely the place in which he eats and sleeps until he decides to join the great army of the separated.

AS a rule, there is only a physical basis for the too-early marriages. Lust and not love brings them about, and so from the beginning they lack that which alone can make a success of marriage.

By rushing heedlessly into matrimony youth debars itself from what is life's greatest gift.

Home-making is a skilled occupation. Usually the girl-wife doesn't know her job. Quite commonly she is a poor cook, a poor manager, is

Is the Bishop Ashamed?

by A. G. GARDINER

SPORT is an underlying principle of the British people. When, however, the principle is degraded, Britishers are not slow in showing their detestation of those who degrade it.

IT may be doubtful whether the British people are Christians; but no one can doubt that they are sportsmen. We have taught the world most of its games, and if the world in return has taken to beating us at them there is no country, excepting perhaps America, where there is so much enthusiasm for sport or so much time spent in the pursuit of sport as here.

Most of our heroic legends have a smack of sport in them. We smashed the Spanish Armada, but we like to tell how Drake insisted on finishing his game of bowls before proceeding to the task. We smashed Napoleon at Waterloo, but we point to the playing-fields of Eton as the place where Britons learned to win victories.

If we want to condemn a shabby action we say "It isn't cricket" and everybody understands. "Fair play is a jewel" is one of our most familiar axioms.

If we wish to give a testimonial to character we say that "So-and-so is a real sportsman," by which we mean that he "plays the game"—that is, that he can be relied on to keep his word and do the straight thing in the general affairs of life.

A national trait

When Teddy Baldock, the boxer, brought an action the other day against a former manager, the judge told him that the "sporting thing" would be to settle the action and Teddy replied, "Well, if it's the sporting thing, I'll do it."

I do not find fault with this national trait. I have spent as large a part of my life in the pursuit of one game or another as most people, and I say unblushingly that it has been the happiest part of my life.

But there is a cant of sport as there is a cant of most things, and an incident was reported in the papers a few days ago which throws a searchlight on the seamy side of sport.

The essence of sport is friendly rivalry in a common adventure of play. The boxer matches himself against another boxer, the cricketer against another cricketer, the owner of a racehorse against the owners of other racehorses, the card-player against the card-player, and so on.

An honourable understanding is the basis of the game. You do your best to win, but only within the strict rules laid down. If you go outside those rules you are "no sportsman." You are not taken into the courts, for honour and not law governs the play.

Dirty business

But you are warned off the course, or banished from the card-room or sent out of the ring as an offender against the commandments of sport. There must be no cruelty for the sake of cruelty, no hitting below the belt and no breach of the inexorable law of fair play.

Now let us turn to sport as the gentlemen of Devon and Somerset practise it. A few days ago the Devon and Somerset Hunt—with the Bishop of Taunton booted and spurred in attendance—assembled for a day's hunting. A poor, wretched, startled stag carted to a given spot is released, and in due course the beauty and chivalry of Devon and Somerset, with the staghounds to follow up the scent, give chase.

The stag flees for its life before the yelping pack and coming to the cliff near Glenthorne it leaps desperately into the sea. The heroes and heroines on horseback arrive only to see their antlered quarry battling with the waves below. They do not heroically follow. Their lives were much too precious to risk even for the sake of "sport."

In so far as there was any element of "sport" in the dirty business the stag had won—won magnificently by risking one form of death in order to escape another more horrible and ignominious. On any principle of fair play he was entitled to his escape and his victory.

After following along the beach some distance in the hope that the hunted animal would come ashore, most of the hunt went home, but one bright-witted hero had a happy thought.

The Bishop of Taunton, who recently attended a meet of the Devon and Somerset Hunt

He went to a telephone-box on the moor, telephoned for a boat at Porlock Weir, hastened to the Weir, entered the boat, pursued the swimming stag into the Bristol Channel, came up with it, threw a rope over its antlers, hauled it aboard, slew it and brought the carcase ashore.

Lusting for blood

A fine day's work for a British gentleman! Doubtless it will live in the legends of the Devon and Somerset Hunt as one of the most dashing and brilliant deeds of its heroes.

I venture to call it as foul and barbarous a story as ever insulted the name of "sport." What element of generous sporting spirit was there in this chase of a frightened beast by a mob of men, women and dogs, lusting for its blood?

What fair play was there when, having won by all the rules of this disgusting game, it was denied its freedom or an honourable death in the sea and rewarded for its splendid daring by a foul and ignominious end?

If one could imagine a judgment day in which this noble animal and its crowd of civilised persecutors appeared, can we doubt who would be pronounced the hero of the adventure and who the criminals?

I dare say these ladies and gentlemen of Devon and Somerset hold up hands of pious horror at the thought of a Spanish bull-fight. I dare say they lament that the Spanish are so deficient in the fine "sporting" instincts of the Briton as to indulge in such horrors. It would surprise me if they didn't, for the cant of these incomprehensible barbarians passes belief.

An insolent claim

The fact, of course, is that by comparison with the cruelty and unfairness of the base incident I have recorded, a Spanish bull-fight is a gentlemanly affair. At least the bull is a fighting animal and has a sporting chance. He is generally killed, but he sometimes kills, and those who meet him take their lives in their hands.

But these creatures who hunt the stag have all the dice loaded in their favour. If the stag turned on them and they hadn't their dogs to pull him down they would run away. They are not out to fight. They are not out to take risks. They are only out to kill.

And if they cannot kill by what they call fair means, they kill by foul. And they have the insolence to talk of themselves as "sportsmen."

Sportsmen! . . . An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to cleanse the air of the odour of such "sportsmen."

Bridegroom!

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

ignorant of humour and common-sense, else she would have postponed her marriage until she was more experienced in life's duties and more fitted for the married woman's job.

THE youthful husband is often a plain fool, destitute of self-control. Marriage to him is an affair of the senses only, and being a plain fool he doesn't look ahead.

Within recent weeks I have visited the so-called "homes" of three families. One is a single room containing the minimum of furniture. The occupiers are a decent-living young man, his wife and three children. Their only income is the "dole."

The man turns every halfpenny over to his wife, but seems to have lost all hope and all energy. Yet he was a bright, active youth when, at the age of nineteen, he married.

The second family occupies two rooms. There are five children, the eldest only seven years old, and neither parent is yet twenty-seven. The woman is old already, broken in health, in temper and in courage.

In the third case, there are four children and their parents in one room, and the parents have so allowed themselves to drift that the officer known to the children as the "cruelty" man is a frequent visitor.

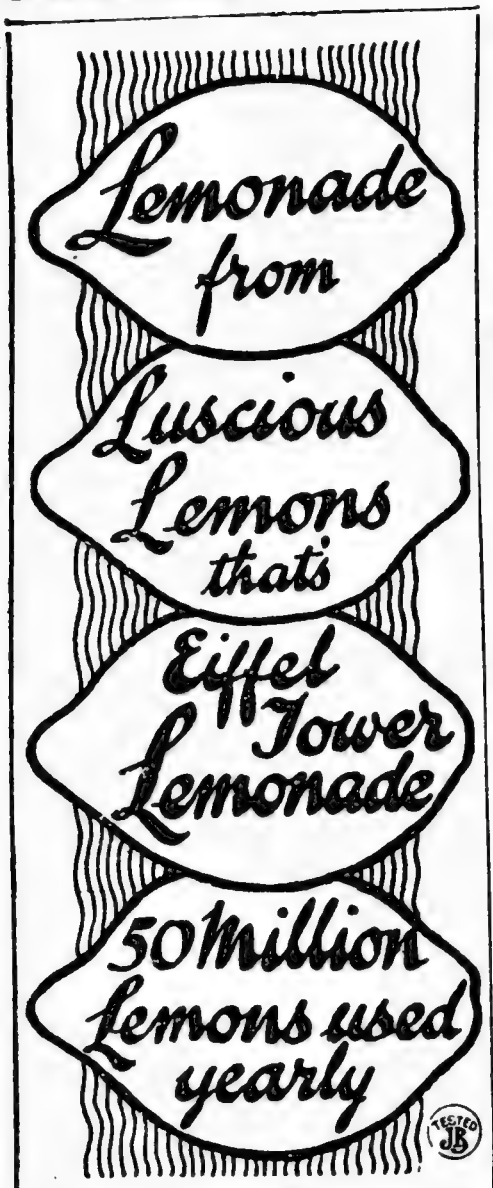
"When I was wed," one of them told me, "I was an apprentice, too young to be out of my time. I wish to God I hadn't been old enough to wed. If I'd been forced to keep single until I was twenty-one, perhaps by then I'd have had sense enough to keep single a bit longer."

I shall be told that if marriage between minors were to be made illegal there would be a big increase in illegitimacy and immorality.

I would rather believe that there would be a decrease in immorality, because there would be a stronger resistance to temptation if the tempted ones knew that the result of giving way could not be covered by a marriage cloak.

THE other day a man married a girl of fourteen because he had "got her into trouble." In doing so he had committed a criminal offence, since he knew she had not reached the age of consent. The marriage covered up his crime. Social workers know that such infamous marriages are not uncommon.

When the marriage age is raised they will become impossible and the crime of which they are the result will become more rare.



MEANEST FRAUD ON EARTH

THEY NEVER EVEN BLUSH!

"John Bull's" Amazing Crusade

THE other day at the Middlesex Sessions an old man of seventy-two, whose criminal record was admittedly a bad one, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude on a charge of having stolen eightpence from a church offertory-box.

In pleading guilty he admitted that he had afterwards felt ashamed of himself and had put sixpence back into another box in order to salve his conscience.

Our only object in quoting this case is to bring home a sorry truth which the public seems slow to realise. If the old man in question had only worked on behalf of any of the industrial assurance companies he could have robbed the poor with impunity!

And the great industrial assurance companies are never troubled by any qualms of conscience. You would never find them taking eightpence and putting sixpence back if they could possibly help it. If they put anything back at all it would be the twopence!

Mean, wholesale robbery

Yet, although the companies practise wholesale robbery of the meanest kind, and although they are persistent offenders in this respect, the law never overtakes them in the drastic manner in which it overtook the seventy-two-year-old sneak thief.

Instead of paying the penalty of their misdemeanours they thrive and flourish. Instead of being incarcerated within prison walls they are snugly ensconced in veritable palaces of marble and plate-glass!

But while the Government continues to blind itself to the seiniquities, it is gratifying to know that JOHN BULL's Industrial Assurance Bureau has been successful in forcing the companies to disgorge a considerable amount of their plunder.

Indeed, the results achieved are truly staggering. The Bureau has only been in existence for some eighteen months or so, yet in this short period no fewer than 30,000 cases have come to hand.

Many of these cases are of a heart-rending nature, and mere words cannot adequately describe the train of misery that has been set up by the companies' grasping practices.

The work of coping with the complaints which pour in is truly titanic and the figures involved will perhaps help to convey to the lay mind some idea of the magnitude of our Bureau's labours.

When lawyers have failed

At a very close estimate we have been successful in obtaining no less than £20,000 in benefits or hard cash, which was being wrongfully withheld from policy-holders!

In addition to this, there are countless cases where benefits have been secured in the way of cash or free policy values. There are also thousands of cases still being dealt with,

Mr. W. E. Mashford, Head of the "John Bull" Industrial Assurance Bureau

and it is safe to say that very vast sums will ultimately be recovered which would otherwise have been lost.

That the companies do not always pay up without a struggle is shown by the fact that lawyers have often proved unsuccessful in their efforts to secure redress for a client.

But in many instances where lawyers have failed our Bureau has succeeded with remarkable promptitude.

As an example of this, it is interesting to note the experience of Mrs. Cannon, of Rotherhithe, who was induced to take out a policy in August, 1911, and on which £18 was paid in the way of premiums.

Rapid success

On the death of the assured person the company concerned refused to pay a penny in the form of benefit, but retained the entire premium.

Amazed at this attitude the poor woman, who was a widow, sought the advice of a solicitor. The latter held the documents from 1924 until 1926 without being able to move the delinquent company to a sense of its obligation in the matter.

Our Bureau then took up the case and within a short period the company paid the widow the full sum due under the policy!

In another instance a Wigan reader, in days of prosperity, insured his son. When the latter died in 1921 the bereaved parents were living in sadly reduced circumstances, but when the company concerned was approached, payment was refused.

Though cash was short a solicitor's services were secured, but no result was achieved, though the solicitor had the case in hand for five years.

When the distressed policy-holder eventually consulted our Bureau matters began to move more briskly. Within four months the company had paid the poor woman £11 17s. 6d.

That the companies are utterly devoid of anything resembling a conscience is borne out in countless pitiful stories which reach us. What, for instance, could be more disgraceful than the attitude of one great company towards two little orphan children?

In 1906, Mr. Grunes, of Bootle, took out a policy for £28 odd in respect of his own life. Later he took up two endowment policies in respect of one of the children.

Damning charges

He paid his premiums regularly until 1918, when his wife died. At that time the father had been in a mental home for eight years, and six months after his wife's death he, too, passed away.

The children were then nine and sixteen respectively, but when application was made by them to the company concerned the latter repudiated all liability and declared that the policies had "lapsed."

There matters remained until about six weeks ago, when our Bureau took up the case. It is significant that we secured benefits under all three policies. On the father's policy the company ultimately disgorged £28 14s. 6d., while on the endowment policies it returned £10 and £4 7s. 6d.

A total return of £43 2s. after repudiating liability for years! This in itself is more damning than any comment could be!

As our readers are aware, we have devoted considerable space to denouncing the evil and we have spared no words in the matter.

We have said that the entire system of industrial assurance as practised by the great companies is *utterly iniquitous.*

We have said that their practice of taking advantage of poor, unlettered policy-holders is *mean and despicable.*

In many instances we have cited actual examples to show that the attitude of the companies concerned was *little short of criminal.*

We have referred to the scandal generally as *the biggest swindle in the world.*

We have called the offenders *great robber companies.*

Policy of silence

In every case we have accused the companies on the above lines and have cited concrete examples to support our gravest charges.

And what have the great companies done?

The truth is that they have no answer to make, for it should be obvious to anyone that they would not have paid back £20,000 if they could have found any justification for retaining it.

But the fact that they have refunded this money in no way mitigates their crime, for, as we have stated, thousands of complaints are in hand and vast sums are still being wrongfully withheld.

Our Bureau will go on fighting, and will not rest until it has stamped out the evil completely.

DON'T SWEAR at the TAXI-MAN

MILLSTONES ON WHEELS

A "Rank" Injustice

IT has become the fashion to miscall taxi-drivers as a whole. The public seem to regard them as a pariah class who hover about waiting for customers whom they may rob.

This impression brings with it the conclusion that because they rob one they must naturally be amassing small fortunes.

Why this misconception should have arisen in regard to taxi-men it is difficult to see, as no trade is so rigorously bound by Government regulations.

The taxi-man's chance of making one of those "small fortunes" has always been distressingly remote, but with the recent reduction in fares his chance of making even a livelihood is very doubtful.

Heavy handicap

A representative of JOHN BULL has made the fullest investigation into the taxi-cab business, and everywhere he has gone a smile has covered absolute pathos.

Just after the war the Government inaugurated a scheme to teach ex-Service men a trade. Many of these men elected to become taxi-cab owners.

The Ministry of Pensions placed each man's gratuity with one of the few manufacturers of these cabs as a deposit, and he had to pay the balance in instalments of £14 a month!

That was what each had to deliver, or he could take the consequences and lose all!

In 1921 the average price for a taxi-cab was from £950 to £1,000. In those days £16 a month was asked in payment. To-day a man purchases a cab on the instalment system for £765. The cab costs £625 for net cash.

For years he goes on working fourteen hours a day to pay off this.

Take the case of one man whose war record is supreme. In 1924 he refused to go on the "dole." He walked the streets and subsisted on bread and butter until he had passed the stringent rules imposed by Scotland Yard.

Desperate plight

The Ministry of Pensions paid into a manufacturing company his gratuity of something like £100, as a deposit on the cab.

The poor fellow is to-day endeavouring to buy his cab. He has paid to the manufacturers more than £500. He has come to the offices of JOHN BULL in sheer desperation now that the reduction of fares has come about.

There is no doubt that, unless he is most fortunate, he will have to sell his home—some things have gone now—in order to keep the "old 'bus" upon the road. By the agreement the company can seize the cab and sue him for arrears.

And now we are in the "month of starvation" as the taxi-men call it. London is empty, as the season is over.

For over twelve months he has worked seven days a week.

"A man cannot go to work in a cheerful mood with such a weight on his mind, added to the strain of working fourteen hours a day in London traffic," he said to us.

There is another "owner-driver," as they are ironically called, who paid his deposit on a cab in 1921. His deposit was £100 and the price

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, who recently reduced the scale of taxi-cab fares

of the car was £1,000. He began by paying £16 a month, but this was subsequently reduced to £12.

He is now in the hands of moneylenders and his car has been taken from him.

Terrible tragedy

At this point it may be as well to show what exactly are the obligations for a man who essays to purchase a taxi-cab on the hire-purchase system. He gets less than fourpence a mile return.

There is then the purchase-price of the vehicle. By his agreement he must maintain the cab in the high state of efficiency required by the police.

His cab is subject to inspection at any time and he must have it overhauled once a year.

He must bear all running costs; he must provide for depreciation; he must pay £16 10s. per annum road tax; he pays a heavy premium for insurance; he must, as a matter of fact, insure with the company the manufacturers dictate.

Why is this? The manufacturers take 7½ per cent. of the premium from the insurance company!

And, lastly, he must rent a taximeter at a cost of £7 per year.

The example mentioned above really hinges on the fact that the owner could not pay for his compulsory annual overhaul, and went to moneylenders for it.

He is still paying the moneylenders and he has not even got the cab. Instead he must be content to forget the money he has paid in instalments and be a journeyman for some other firm, taking one-third of every pound he makes.

He has disbursed £900, yet his cab was taken from him.

It was a terrible tragedy in this man's family. The shock of it has caused his wife to have to go into an asylum.

If a worse case is possible, here is one that demonstrates the difficulties that confront the man who would be self-supporting.

Heartless procedure

A taxi-driver was so cruelly assaulted by "a fare" that he had to be taken to hospital, and the loss of his sight was feared.

With great skill a doctor saved him from blindness and said to him as he was leaving, "Well, I have restored your sight."

The taxi-driver, although deeply grateful to his healer, was moved to say, "Yes, but they have taken my living away."

They had.

The manufacturers from whom he had had his cab on the hire-purchase system had, while the man lay blind in hospital, seized the cab on the grounds that he was in arrears of payment.

The man had paid them over £100 before the accident.

Happily, however, the doctor who had saved the man's sight was able to do him another good turn.

His brother was an eminent barrister. The iron-bound agreement was broken and the manufacturers refunded the £100.

It has been known for a man to forfeit his cab after paying £900 and the company to resell it as a used car for £350 odd!

Of course, these companies have to safeguard their interests, for no doubt they have a large amount of capital at stake.

But we would urge them to remember the difficulties with which, in these strenuous days, the taxi-driver is confronted.

In conclusion, we would ask, Is it not better to think twice before criticising a taxi-driver? Have they not to work to rule, and yet have they not a wife and family somewhere depending upon the "old 'bus" for bread and butter?

Life impossible

They cannot bargain. They are, apparently, the butt of everyone. Economic pressure is making life impossible for them.

Some of the country's finest manhood is having a very hard struggle and deserve the sympathy of the public at large.

Don't spoil your holiday!

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LIVER & STOMACH PAINS
Made Her Feel She Was Dying

"Liver and stomach troubles completely wrecked my health," says Mrs. L. EDWARDS, of 36, Portmanmoor Road, Splott, Cardiff. "Every morning I rose with a head like lead and a dull, listless feeling. After meals I had a nasty taste in the mouth accompanied by severe wind in the stomach, and heartburn.

"I had sudden attacks of pain and giddiness, and once I was so overcome I thought I was dying. I tried any amount of pills and salts, but it was Bile Beans alone that brought relief. The first few doses put new life into me, and persevering with this natural gentle remedy I felt myself getting better. The attacks of giddiness left me, and I could eat without pain. It's grand to feel well again and it's all due to Bile Beans." Obtainable of chemists in sealed boxes at 1/3 and 3/-. Never sold loose.

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A STATESMAN BLACKMAILED

WE print below the second of a short series of articles telling of some of the most amazing coups of modern times. We suppress the names of those concerned, as the majority are still living, but these are known to the Editor, who vouches for the truth of the stories

FEW persons can now recall the tremendous sensation made by what was journalistically called "The Cleveland Street Scandal."

We have no intention of reviving that musty and malodorous affair, but the consequences of a raid by the police on that house of ill-fame in the West End of London nearly forty years ago extended far beyond the time during which it was a daily topic.

Men in great positions were involved and all the arts and artifices of bribery and influence were brought to bear to keep illustrious names out of terrifying publicity.

It was even said at the time that the first man captured by the police during the hasty and comical stampede proved to be a Cabinet Minister.

Amongst those involved there would have been, but for an accident, a certain very popular young man about town, who, when he heard of the raid, must have enthusiastically congratulated himself on a lucky escape.

If he did so, however, he was premature, for in the exuberance of youth, two years earlier, he had penned a letter full of airy banter in which he touched upon certain subjects which are generally missing from the compositions of the polite letter-writer, explaining his reasons for not being able to accept an invitation to Cleveland Street.

Unfortunate epistle

With ordinary luck that letter would have been destroyed by its recipient, but the unexpected raid which scattered the occupants and users of the house in Cleveland Street to the four winds also sent the unfortunate epistle on career until it finally found its way quite by accident into the possession of the younger son of a once-notorious nobleman.

An hour before the letter became the property of the aristocrat he was more likely to burgle Buckingham Palace than to turn blackmailer.

When he read the letter it instantly occurred to him that here was the solution of his own difficulties.

He was heavily in debt; creditors were making his life unbearable, and the future was very black unless he could raise a few thousand pounds; but he had long since exhausted the patience and generosity of friends and relations.

The middle-aged aristocrat promptly yielded to the temptation, although it meant turning blackmailer, comforting himself with a reminder that no one would ever know the depths to which he had sunk save his victim, who dare not, for his own sake, betray him.

To anyone who could recognise the signature, the letter would have seemed merely silly. It was, to put it bluntly, extremely silly, and its author, now older and more experienced, would have used even stronger language in ridiculing it.

Cool demand

Had the writer, however, pursued the ordinary course of mediocrity the letter would not have been worth the price of its postage even to the most ingenious and expert of blackmailers, but when its last possessor studied it, its signature was that of a man who had attained a great and distinguished position in Parliament!

The middle-aged aristocrat was even more repellent and contemptible than the most seasoned of professional blackmailers when he wrote to the politician asking if he would "lend" him £5,000 "to buy a literary paper."

The request, coming from one who was practically a stranger, elicited a curt refusal in the handwriting of a secretary, and after that there were no more letters on either side, for the blackmailer, realising the situation, rang up the politician and, by giving the name of a very intimate friend, brought the politician to the other end of the line.

Then in something less than three minutes the blackmailer, spared the embarrassment of the presence of his victim and the cold, biting contempt which a

The Hon. Mr. Justice Salter, who recently said that blackmailers were considerably aided because people were afraid to prosecute

personal interview must have revealed, made his demand in the bluntest of language.

Abject surrender

When he hung up the receiver, he was glowing with the satisfaction of a conqueror, for the position of the politician was such that he was compelled to surrender abjectly and to promise to pay £5,000 for the return of the letter.

The money was paid the next day and the letter handed over at an interview in which there were neither apologies on one side nor reproaches on the other. Doubtless the politician treated the incident with philosophical resignation and wisely preferred to regard the loss of £5,000 as a fine for an act of youthful stupidity.

All he wished was to destroy the letter and finish with the blackmailer, and when the letter went into the fire he believed he had accomplished both. He was mistaken.

When the £5,000 was spent there was another demand for a cheque and when it was refused the statesman was reminded that there was a photographic facsimile of the incriminating letter still in existence.

The middle-aged aristocrat—he is still alive and so we cannot identify him further—was probably sincere in his first resolve to sell the letter for a single sum and try and forget his one lapse into crime, but the ease with which he obtained £5,000 changed him into a relentless and diabolical blackmailer.

No semi-savage bred in the gutter of the criminal underworld ever acted with such heartless cruelty or behaved so meanly and contemptibly.

Sacrificing everything to his desire for money and more money, he showed himself to be a degenerate and a bully.

As his victim rose higher in public estimation so did he grade the amount of his hush-money until it was as much as the statesman could do to keep out of debt, although the income from his estates was a considerable one.

Year after year the blackmailer lived in luxury and actually gave dinner parties at fashionable hotels to which near relations of his victim were invited.

Galling experience

It must have been galling to the man who really paid the bill to be unable to hint to relations, whose presence at a dinner hall-marked it as an exclusive Society function, that their host was a loathsome criminal whose proper place was a cell at Dartmoor.

But the greater his own success in political life, the greater the precautions he had to take that no one even suspected his secret commerce with his only enemy.

The end of the most prolonged of blackmailing campaigns came tragically. Hunting one day, the statesman was seized with a fit of giddiness and at once consulted his doctor, who advised him to go to London the next day to see a specialist.

In a Harley Street consulting-room statesman and specialist met and judgment was pronounced.

The specialist, obviously trying to find language to cloak the brutality of the sentence he was about to deliver, said: "My knowledge is limited and my judgments are not always correct, but in my opinion your heart is in such a condition that I do not think you will live another three months."

It was a staggering, crushing, blinding and overwhelming blow, for the statesman, still comparatively young, had everything to live for, and life, ever full of delightful adventures and surprises, bore promise of even greater distinction.

He went deathly pale and the doctor's thoughts flew to a restorative, but his visitor abruptly arose to his feet with a murmured, "Thank God, at any rate it means no more of ——."

Then the specialist heard a name which he had often seen in the papers but which conveyed nothing to him now. He did not know, of course, that it was the name of a blackmailer.

Ultimate end

Six weeks later the statesman was dead, and the blackmailer's annuity ceased. The loss of income sent him to the Continent to avoid his creditors, but he is now living in a cheap flat in suburban London.

It is unlikely that he has found another victim to blackmail, for a letter worth thousands of pounds is not to be found more than once in a lifetime, but unless the grave intervenes he will one day decorate the dock at the Old Bailey before we hear the last of him. "Once a blackmailer, always a blackmailer."

* * *

[In the next article of the series will be told an extraordinary story in which a member of a gang of blackmailers and thieves posed as a moneylender and thus obtained information that led to a gigantic jewel robbery.]

CROOKS OF SOCIETY

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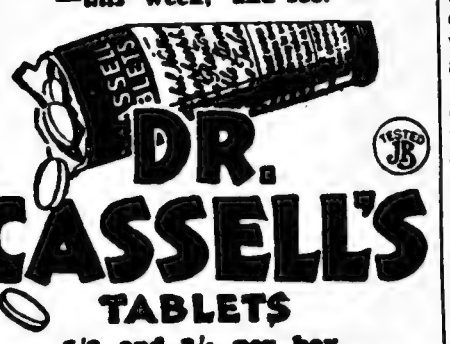

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In Sunshine Ward

by **PHILIP INMAN**

WHAT extremes are met with in life! Hearts there are that can only have been carved from stone; others that seem too good for this world. And what a wonderful life of happiness is that lived by the possessors of the latter!

ALL SHE WANTED

I HAD a letter the other morning from a reader of this paper. It came from a woman of forty and it told me that she was suffering from a wound that no doctor could heal.

In words of tragic poignancy she lays bare her soul. For fifteen years she had been happily married until one day last month, like a bolt from the blue, the crash came. Her husband had gone away "on business" for two or three days, and anxiously she waited for his return.

But he never came. Instead, she received a letter from him which stabbed like a poisoned arrow into her heart.

"For a long time," it said brutally, "I have realised that you are too old for me, and I have been looking for somebody young and attractive. Now I have found her, and I do not intend to return to you."

In a few words he dismisses from his life the woman who, on her own confession, "would gladly have given her last drop of blood to save him."

And my correspondent finishes her letter to me by saying: "When I was young I believed in a love that would never tire. 'It was only a childish fancy,' and I realise what a fool I must have been."

Love stronger than death

All through the day I have been searching my heart to find something I could say in reply to this tragic missive. It was when I walked round a London hospital and passed through its incurable wards that I found my answer.

It is not only for my correspondent, but for all those whose hearts are bruised and broken, that I tell of this love that is stronger than death.

Mrs. Ferguson is forty-one years old and she has been married twenty years next March. She has never been strong since her only child was born dead seventeen years ago, and for the last five years she has been completely bedridden.

To-day her condition is distressing to behold, and he would be possessed of a heart of stone who could stand by and remain unmoved. Besides seven serious operations she had had three attacks of rheumatic fever and her heart is badly diseased.

Recently she has suffered from a peculiar form of skin trouble which has left her face a mass of scars and has made it necessary for her head to be cropped.

From a physical standpoint there is nothing attractive about this woman, and yet she holds her husband's love as surely as she did on that day when they plighted their troth to each other.

Tipping the scales

It isn't merely pity that he feels for her in her helplessness. To him, at any rate, has been vouchsafed the secret of "the love that never tires."

In the incurable ward there are three visiting days a week, and never once during her long stay in the hospital has Mrs. Ferguson been disappointed in her man. As the door opens he makes his way to her bedside and cheerily he asks, "How's mother to-day?" Just as cheerily she answers, "Quite well, Jack, thank you."

And yet maybe since his last visit she has endured the pangs of pain indescribable. "You didn't tell your husband about the attack you had last night?" asked the sister one day.

"No," she replied softly, "he'd only worry and he's had enough already. Besides," she added with a smile, "I'm better to-day."

I always knew of the tender relationship between Mrs. Ferguson and her husband, but I never realised how deep it was until quite recently.

At seven o'clock one night this patient had a sudden collapse and her husband was immediately summoned. When he arrived his first words were "She's not going to die?" I told him of her condition and the tears came into his eyes.

His voice was broken as he said, "You may wonder why I dread losing her, but she means all the world to me."

All through that night he never left her bedside, and it is not my opinion alone that in the struggle between life and death his presence tipped the scales in favour of life.

Philip Inman

Early the next day she rallied, and as she looked at her husband her eyes shone with a love unspeakable. "Jack," she whispered, "you remember how we used to sing together:

'So when we reach the close of day,
Put your dear hands in mine, and say,
God grant that we go side by side,
When we go home at eventide.'"

Then her voice caught and it was a few minutes before she could speak again. "I've nearly reached mine," she said very softly, "and that's all I want."

I know her man and I am sure she will not be disappointed.

[*Mr. Inman's Articles have now been published in book form under the title "The Human Touch," 3s. 6d. net, published by Geoffrey Bles, 22, Suffolk Street, London, S.W. Copies can be obtained through any bookseller or autographed copies, 3s. 10d. post free, from Philip Inman, Charing Cross Hospital, London, W.C.2.*]

The Sentence of the Court

SLOPE—TRUNCHEONS!

"Coppers" on the Boil

WEARING a bullet-proof helmet and carrying a telescope for detecting distant Bolshevists, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of discouraging recruiting to the police force.

"In the bad old days," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "there was a theory that policemen were good enough for traffic or beat duty and anything of a dangerous or uncomfortable nature, but were in no way fitted for the higher administrative positions.

"After various undistinguished military dug-outs had failed in these positions, the policy was tried of giving the plums of the police service to its most efficient members.

"This proved a success. Men from the ranks became Chief Constables and acquitted themselves with credit, while the knowledge that a salary of £1,000 a year was within the reach of any constable who revealed the necessary ability resulted in a higher standard of efficiency.

"Lately, however, there has been a tendency to go 'Back to the Army again' when four-figure police appointments have become available. A colonel who has been commanding an infantry brigade in India has just been appointed Chief Constable in the Metropolitan Police, in succession to a man who had risen from the ranks.

"The ability of this military gentleman is not questioned, but fears are entertained of a reversion to the policy of cushy jobs for outside 'nobs.'

"It is obvious that the alert, ambitious type of recruit, of which the force stands most in need, is not going to be attracted by visionary prizes, in the race for which the odds are heavily in favour of a rank outsider."

* * *

While not denying that ultimate responsibility rested with his client, Mr. Strawsplitter said that Sir William was much too busy to give his personal attention to every "copper" who imagined that heaven had intended him for a leader of men. His first duty was to ensure that Britain did not become a sanctuary for Soviet spies.

* * *

"If the prisoner were less preoccupied with the 'red' bogey he might be more alive to the needs of the man in blue," said Mr. Justice Bull. "The average 'peeler' is not a squealer, but it is not surprising that many a 'copper' is now on the boil with indignation.

"What would ambitious M.P.s say if, after they had served a long apprenticeship as back benchers, Cabinet portfolios were distributed among men who had never even sat in the House?

"Under the Jix régime, the policeman's lot is too apt to resemble a lottery in which, so far as he is concerned, all the prizes are blanks.

"If the heads of the Force are to be recruited from the Forces, we may soon find Scotland Yard overrun with colonels guiltless of a foeman's blood and admirals who have spent most of their lives shivering their timbers and hanging political malefactors to imaginary yard-arms in club smoking-rooms.

"Unless the prisoner can avert his eyes from Moscow and attend to matters calling for adjustment under his very nose, I shall have to direct that he be evicted from his Home (Office) and a new tenant be found from among the ranks of half-pay military magnates."

Words Winged to Women

HIT BELOW THE FEEDER!

by **MABEL HORNER**

WICKED people spend their lives in cunning wiles to keep out of the clutches of the law—it is their enemy. Others look to the law for protection—it is their friend. Therefore, it becomes the duty of good government to ensure that the law shall not fail.

ON a fair morning in spring a man and woman stood together on a green lawn outside a large and pleasant house in London. There were babies all round them, in cots and on the grass. There were blue-eyed babies and babies with golden hair, babies with dark hair and babies with none.

The man and woman stood there looking at the babies, looking for one to adopt. And while the woman nursed first one and then another baby, bending over it with tender face and misty eyes, the man, in a low voice, explained: "We lost our only little one last year. . . . I thought it would have killed her. . . . She cannot have another . . . so I thought it would be best . . . this way."

The new mother

The baby was chosen, a laughing, gurgling chap, too young ever to know the unhappy, orphaned state of his coming into the world, young enough to cling to that new mother as his own.

And she? It will be, as her husband hoped, the dawn of a fresh era of motherhood, with all its happiness and hard sacrifice.

For the babies of whom I write are all adopted for love. Money-bargaining never mars the beauty of the transaction. Those who come, choosing an orphaned mite to adopt, do it because they want to fill their hearts, not their pockets.

Mostly such have been denied parenthood, but have a wealth of mother and father love to bestow. So they adopt a child, and from the moment formalities have been settled, they take all the responsibility, the monetary and legal obligations of its upbringing, upon their own shoulders.

Such foster-parents are to be found in all walks of life. I once knew a poor sweep who adopted an abandoned baby and brought it up to a well-trained and self-respecting life.

The man and woman who stood baby-choosing on that green lawn last spring were well-to-do.

Should either fall ill or die, the terrible anxiety of poverty that gnaws out the life of the poor will not be added to the sorrow of bereavement. With others it is not so.

Captain Guro-Jones, M.P., who is going to raise this question in the House of Commons when Parliament reassembles

Here, written in simple language, is the fear of a foster-mother, who sees certain poverty looming before her in the future. So wide is her heart that she has adopted two children.

"The first, a little girl," she writes, "is now at school. She has never known any other name, and no one in this northern town knows any different than that she is our very own child. She is soon to leave school, and I think I should break my heart if she ever found out I was not her real mother, for we have sacrificed everything possible for her.

"The little boy I adopted when he was five weeks old, and he weighed only 3 lbs. at birth. We had a struggle to rear him, but we managed it. You see we love both children. They live as brother and sister and love each other dearly.

"But here is my problem. My husband has fallen into a very bad state of health, and as his heart is affected the doctor has told me to be prepared for anything. I pray the worst will never come, but if it does, what then?

"Could I claim a widow's pension that would cover both these children as well?"

Now, this is a serious question indeed. So valuable to the nation is the work of the foster-parent that a good deal of legislation has been especially framed in their behalf.

It is, for instance, no longer possible for a dissolute natural parent to snatch away a foster-child from its foster-parents so soon as anxiety as to its upbringing is over and it is old enough to be useful, as was all too often done in the past.

Adopted children are, moreover, given legal rights as to inheritance and in many ways the position has been safeguarded.

But in this one great matter of pensions, the law is caught napping.

From no less an authority than the Ministry of Health comes the admission, "I have to state that a widow's eligibility for allowances in respect of children additional to her widow's pension under the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act of 1925 . . . does not cover an adopted child."

Monst ous oa Ission

There is only one word to add. This omission is monstrous. The foster-parents who adopt a child are subjected to the full rigours of the law, all its pains and penalties, should they fail to do right by the little one they have taken into their home.

Equally they must be safeguarded by the benefits the law provides. That they are not is surely a mere oversight. But it is one that must be rectified, and at once.

RASHES

Mrs. G. H. Brazier, of 2, Bucknalls Cottages, Deal, writes:—"My little boy, age 5, has a very fair and sensitive skin. Not many weeks ago he became covered with a fierce rash, which irritated considerably. I warmed a tin of your Germolene till it was almost liquid and then smothered my little one with the soothing balm, and I was so thankful to see that he spent a restful night. The unsightly rash, which spread even to between his toes and the roots of his hair, was practically gone by the next day. I wish all mothers would test the value of Germolene."

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Mothers at Home

"You Never Know, You Know!"

"THE world is too much with us," soliloquises the poet. In its noise, its rush and its indifference, the business of getting a living becomes yearly more difficult.

Perhaps that is the chief reason why the word "home" in the English language means so much. It is peace, it is quietness, it is a refuge from storm, or it has no true right to the name of home.

And of all the pre-occupations of family life within the home, that of mother caring for her children's needs is the most appealing. Who would ever dream that that simple ritual could ever be accompanied by danger?

Pride and peril

Yet one never knows. Mrs. G. B. Turner, of 54, Westmorland Place, City Road, N., was putting her little ones to bed. She tucked them in, said good-night, and gently turned out the light.

Turning to leave the room she did not remember a mat in her path. In the darkness she caught her foot and fell very heavily, fracturing her right leg in such a manner that she was laid up for weeks.

Steps and stairs are always a common source of accident. Mrs. C. E. Chittenham, of 184, Venner Road, Sydenham, fell downstairs—how, she does not exactly know—but the result was bad enough, a fractured wrist that laid her completely out of action for a considerable time.

Mrs. J. E. Owens, of 6, Gloddaeth Crescent, Rhewl, Mostyn, was repapering the staircase wall when she overbalanced and fell to the bottom and broke her arm.

Queer that housewifely pride and cleanliness should be fraught with peril! Yet so it is.

Mrs. L. Staynes, of "Quebec House," 58, Quebec Street, Wakefield, was standing on the top of a pair of steps busily whitewashing a passage ceiling when, absorbed in her task, she tried to descend on the wrong side—where the ladder-rungs were not.

Of course, the steps collapsed and the resulting fall was not at all funny. Mrs. Staynes fell to the floor, fracturing her right leg and, in addition, severely bruising her back.

All these were bad accidents, because of the suffering, inconvenience and worry involved.

Real security

They would have been worse but for the fact that each woman had taken the prudent step of becoming a registered reader of JOHN BULL and thus had prompt assistance when her trouble came.

The JOHN BULL cheques in time of need are not only for mothers or even married women.

Miss Frost, of 2, Dover Street, Sittingbourne, makes a humble living by charing. She occupies one room only, but one Sunday evening when she was out a mysterious fire involved her few belongings.

Her loss would have been tragic but for the JOHN BULL cheque. Miss Frost is poor. She is too hard worked to have time for much reading. But she chooses wisely.

She is a registered JOHN BULL reader and that gives her real security as well.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular, weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

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PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I HAVE had the misfortune to marry a smooth-tongued scoundrel. In the first instance, he deceived me regarding his Army career by showing me false discharge-papers, which made it appear that he had seen thirty-six years' service and been honourably retired with the rank of sergeant-major.

"When I married him I had a good business as a boarding-house keeper, but it went to rack and ruin through his drunkenness, cruelty and infidelity.

"I obtained a separation from him, but after two years he begged me to take him back, promising to reform, and I was foolish enough to give him another chance.

"Things went smoothly for a time, but he soon started drinking again and associating with other women.

"When he is under the influence of drink and infatuated with other men's wives, his cruelty to me is indescribable. At last I have had to run away from him and hide myself to save my life.

"I have not a relation in the world to whom I can turn for assistance and the friends with whom I am now staying have helped me to the limit of their capacity.

"AT the present moment I am penniless, for I had to pawn my wedding-ring to obtain the fare to my temporary refuge.

"I feel I have no right to the hospitality I am now receiving, but, so far as I can see, if I applied to the guardians for assistance the only thing I would get would be the offer of the workhouse.

"Knowing, no doubt, that I might ask for a summons against him, my husband has disappeared, and I hear that he has gone to a seaside resort, where, being too lazy and cunning to work, he is imposing upon the generosity of charitably-minded holiday-makers.

"He stands about as a street musician wearing nine medals and coloured glasses to give the impression that he is almost blind. I know that he has done this sort of thing before and reaped a rich harvest, to be dissipated in drink and debauchery.

"I have no means of consulting a solicitor. Can you tell me what I can do to expose this man and, if he is able to obtain money, make him contribute to my support?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You should communicate with the police, who, as you know where your husband is, may be able to put a stop to his shameful imposition on the charitable public and ultimately induce him to seek an honest means of livelihood so that he may be able to carry out his obligations towards you. They will also, no doubt, be able to help you to find temporary means of subsistence.*

• • • •

"AS I write this my head aches and also that of my dear wife, whom I can hear sobbing. I have been married now eight years, and I love my wife and our four darling children more than life itself. It is the bitterest thing of all to realise that these innocent ones must suffer for my wrong-doing.

Open Confession

"A few years ago a number of my fellow-workers asked me to become treasurer of a holiday fund to which they would contribute a little each week.

"Everything went well [illegible] year, but now, when my work-mates are expecting a share-out, I do not know how to face them.

"The trouble started early this year with the illness of my wife, followed by that of two of my children. I was distracted with anxiety for their welfare, and not having the means to pay the doctor's bills and provide the delicacies which were needed I dipped into the holiday fund.

"I and my wife are tortured by the terror of my prosecution for embezzlement if I am unable to restore the money in time.

"I have tried without avail to borrow from friends. I have been to money-lenders, but they demand more security than I have to offer. As the day of awakening for my workmates approaches, we are being driven frantic with anxiety.

"Do you know anyone who would lend me at once the money I require to make good the deficiency? I would faithfully repay it at the rate of a pound a week, and be grateful for the rest of my life."

"HUMANIST" says: *If you take my advice you will confess to your work-mates what you have done. They, too, no doubt, have wives and children and will be able to understand your temptation. Open confession will be good for your soul, and the wrong-doing confessed will, I hope, be forgiven and never repeated.*

• • • •

"THREE years ago my father died, leaving my mother almost entirely unprovided for. As the elder of two daughters and living close by, it fell to my lot to make all arrangements for the last respects to my dead father.

Selfish Desire

"The expense was really much greater than I could afford, for I have a large family and my husband's earnings are poor.

"My sister, who is married but has no children, is much better off than I am, and it hurt me very much that she made no attempt to share the burden of the funeral expenses.

"My mother did not like moving from the house in which she had spent so many years, and my sister and her husband jumped at the opportunity of sharing it with her. She is nearly eighty and her health is rapidly failing.

"Instead of comforting her in her declining days they are making her feel that she is a burden and actually endeavouring to get her out of the house so that they may have it for themselves with all it contains."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is very distressing to read of such a callous disregard of the Fifth Commandment. If your mother wished she could no doubt send her undutiful daughter and her husband packing and instal you in her place, but if you wish to avoid any friction why not ask her to end her days in happiness with you and leave them to the little satisfaction they are likely to find in the fulfilment of their selfish desires?*

• • • •

An Easy Find

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON said, "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note." Money enables us to make miserable men and women happy, so send a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34.)

"I AM very much distressed regarding my eldest boy, aged eleven, who some time ago started taking a small sum of money from my handbag.

A Child's Stealing

"He is a very sensitive child, and if he is spoken to at all sharply he is apt to burst into tears and think everybody is against him.

"My husband has spoken to him gently but seriously, pointing out how wrong it is to steal, and he promised that he would never do such a thing again.

"Quite recently, however, he went to another boy's house and the pair of them stole a pound note that had been left on the mantelpiece, and hid it among a pile of old newspapers.

"The other boy's father came to me and complained of the theft. For a time neither would give the other away, but at last my boy owned up and showed where the note was hidden.

"About the same time as this occurred I missed money from my purse, and I am quite at a loss to know what to do in the matter.

"These fits of stealing appear to come on spasmodically and last about a week each time. Otherwise he is a dear good boy.

"At present he is seriously ill with diphtheria and it is quite evident there is something on his mind. I am wondering whether after he has got over his illness he may be cured of this propensity for stealing.

"Can you suggest anything I can do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Stealing of the kind described should be dealt with by medical treatment rather than by harsh punishment. Consult the secretary of the Tavistock Clinic for Functional Nerve Cases, 51, Tavistock Square, W.C., who may be able to help you to get at the root of the trouble.*

• • •

Living it Down

"I stole money as a boy and after a lot of argument I was allowed to continue, but I have always been watched. Money is now missing. I have not taken it, but I feel that suspicion rests on me. I feel I must go away."

"Humanist" says: *Don't be foolish. If you were and are innocent the new thefts give you the best opportunity of retrieving your character. To run away would be an admission of guilt. Face it out.*

A Nasty Past

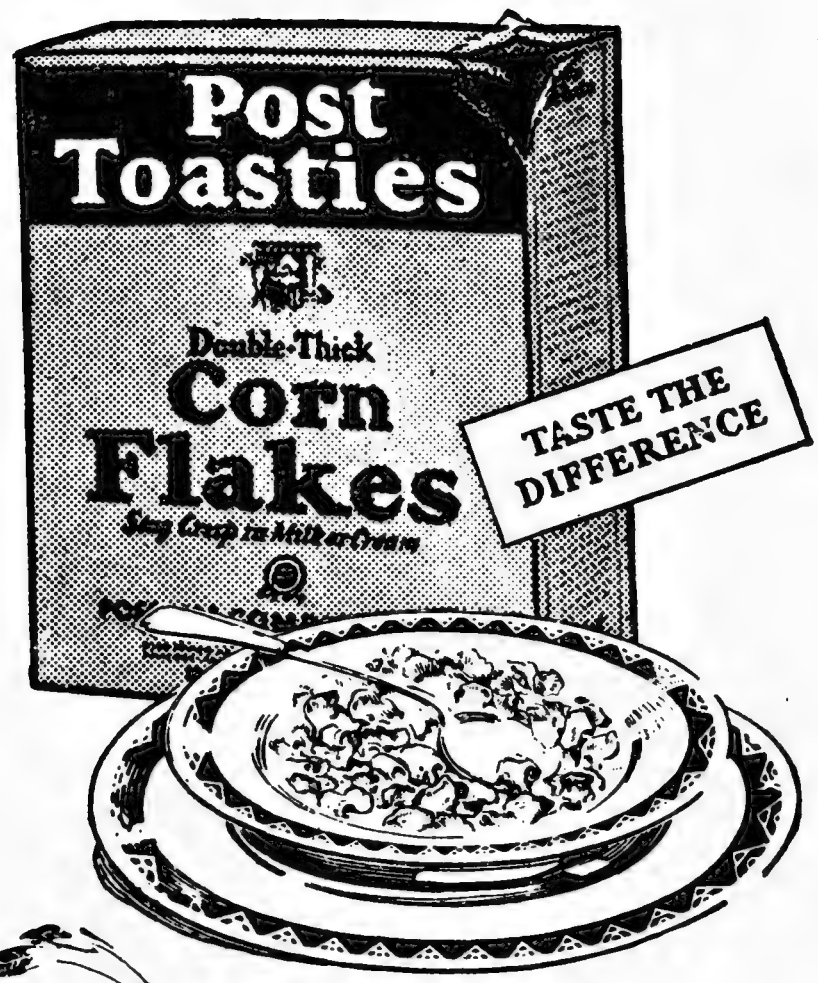
"When Ireland was all upset I saw a man who killed a girl get away. He is lately back in his home town going into a job that better men could fill. Should I tell on him?"

"Humanist" says: *If you ever had anything to tell you should have told it at the time of the occurrence. I do not think much of a conscience that is only awakened by self-interest.*

Against Nature

"A man has offered to marry me if I get rid of the baby I had before to someone else. I could get baby adopted, but life would seem empty without it. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If the man who has offered you marriage has a heart big enough to be your husband he should take your child as well. How can he hope for you to be happy if he separates you from your baby?*



Food of the Braves for your Breakfast!

The food of the "Braves"—Indian Corn—has been transformed into Post Toasties, for *you*—the most delightful breakfast food in the world!
The ripe, rich grain is cooked and toasted 'til it becomes crisp, crunchy, nutty-flavoured flakes—all ready to eat. Just try them with sugar and milk—or cream! "Scrumptious"!! See how the family takes to these Indian Corn Flakes. Get a box—a great big box for *ninepence—to-day—for to-morrow's breakfast!

(*Except in Ireland)

POST TOASTIES

Double Crisp INDIAN CORN FLAKES

Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream

Post Health Products

Post Toasties are one of the Post Health Products which include Grape Nuts, Postum, and Post's Bran Flakes

---

Headache gone in 5 minutes!

YEAST IS LIFE

AN eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B. *YEAST VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B.*

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

THIS Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker, and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins and other valuable ingredients. Prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets will relieve:—

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. .. .. in 5 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence .. .. in 5 to 10 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever .. .. .. in 24 hours

CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets

OUR GUARANTEE.
Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us and we will refund the money by return of post.

IRVING'S · YEAST · VITE · LABORATORIES
CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1

DON'T MISS THIS HALF-PRICE SALE!

OF THE FAMOUS
"NER-SAG" MATTRESS SUPPORT
TAKES THE SAG OUT OF YOUR OLD MATTRESS

SEND NO MONEY

7 NIGHTS TRIAL FREE

Rarely can you buy anything at HALF COST. This Sale Price is not a mere percentage off. It is a slashing cut knocking half the price clean away, and making the "Ner-Sag" cheap—Oh, so cheap, for a SHORT TIME ONLY. By sending now you can save from 6/9 to 11/9 on your purchase, and you can have the "Ner-Sag" in your own home to fit under your bed for you to sleep on FOR 7 NIGHTS ABSOLUTELY FREE. You only pay the Sale Price *after* proving the "Ner-Sag" to your satisfaction. Should you decide not to keep it, you simply return it to us and there the matter ends.

SIMPLY POST COUPON!

Usual Price. 13/6 SALE PRICE. 6/9

For 2 ft. 6 in. Mattress

For 3 ft.	Mattress ..	was 15/6	Now 7/9
For 3 ft. 6 in.	Mattress ..	was 17/6	Now 8/9
For 4 ft.	Mattress ..	was 19/6	Now 9/9
For 4 ft. 6 in.	Mattress ..	was 21/6	Now 10/9
For 5 ft.	Mattress ..	was 25/6	Now 11/9

SALE PRICES Complete and Carriage Paid. Size is width of your present mattress.

NEARLY HALF A MILLION SOLD

Illustration is of 4 ft. 6 ins. size.

Summer Sale Time is Bargain Time Supreme.
Here is the bargain of bargains to be obtained without stirring yourself to go further than the nearest pillar-box. Send at once—that will give you a chance *to send repeat orders before the Sale closes.*
HURRY POST COUPON FOR FREE HOME TRIAL.

"NER-SAG"
[NEVER SAG] PATENTED and REGISTERED.

SPRING MATTRESS SUPPORT.
for Diamond Link, Chain or Woven Wire Mattresses with Iron or Wood sides in all standard sizes. The "Ner-Sag" is an appliance which fits under any existing mattress, no matter how badly sagging, abolishes the sag, and gives the same advantages and comfort as an expensive new box-spring, for a trifling cost. Made to give a LIFE-TIME'S WEAR. It is not in itself a mattress.

NER-SAG, Ltd. *'Phone: Ilford 1625.*
2, GREEN LANE, ILFORD, ESSEX.
This trial offer does not apply in the Irish Free State.

USERS' OPINIONS.
"The Best Investment I ever made."
"Would have been a bargain at the full Price, and that's from a Scotsman," says an Aberdeen user.

HALF-PRICE SALE COUPON.

To NER-SAG, Ltd., 2, Green Lane, ILFORD, ESSEX.

Please send me a "Ner-Sag" Spring Mattress Support. Width of mattress.....If I like it I will pay the Special Sale Price within 7 days. If not, I will return it within the same period. *(Please write in block letters.)*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

"John Bull."

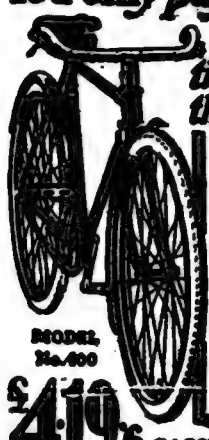
Aug. 20, 1927.

Nearest Railway Station.....

.....This coupon is worth from 6/9 to 11/9 to you.....

FOR A MEAD 400A

You only pay 2/6 till you have ridden the bicycle a month



MODEL No. 400

£4.19.6 CASH

Send for details of our 400A "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such easy terms. Embodies every up-to-date improvement. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled and lined in two colours. Sent packed free; carriage paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Accessories CHEAP. Write to-day for reduced factory prices and beautiful art catalogue.

Mead

Cycle Company Ltd. (Dept. B 657), Birmingham

WHY FOOD CAUSES INDIGESTION

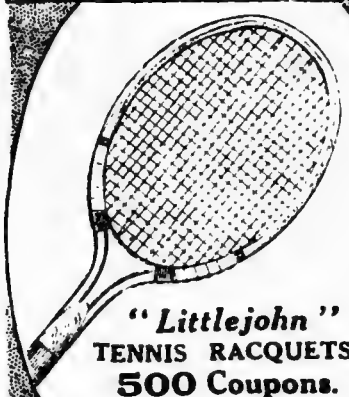
When food enters your stomach, large quantities of acid-bearing gastric juice are at once secreted. If, as often happens, too much is secreted, the food soon becomes a sour, fermenting mass, which remains in the stomach a long time, causing all kinds of pain and trouble, and frequently endangering life. In such cases instant relief can be obtained by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation, heals and soothes the inflamed stomach lining, and restores normal, painless digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist to-day. Use as directed, and your digestive troubles will be a thing of the past.

FREE for B.D.V. COUPONS.

3 TENNIS BALLS

120 Coupons.

DURHAM-DUPLEX SAFETY RAZOR ONLY 20 Coupons.



"Littlejohn" TENNIS RACQUETS 500 Coupons.

PURE SILK Stockings. 140 Coupons

MOTHERS.
Get this genuine Thermos Flask. Latest model Non-drip lip. Useful for picnics—and on journeys. **Only 100 coupons.**

MEN.
A wonderful gift! Durham-Duplex Razor set for 20 coupons only. Complete with safety guard, stropping attachment, and one double-edged, hollow ground blade.

SPORTSMEN.
Tennis Racquets and balls. Good for match play! The Racquets are of seasoned English ash, well strung with good gut. 500 coupons. Three stitchless Tennis Balls—120 coupons.

GIRLS.
Pure Silk Stockings. All popular shades. They come high above the knee and are reinforced with double lisle tops, toes and heels. Only 140 coupons.

BOYS.
Save for the "Duke of York," L.M.S. Loco., as sold by Bassett-Lowke Ltd., Northampton. It is a perfect scale model. Only 260 coupons. Make it the first item in your B.D.V. Railway system.

Send for the Free B.D.V. Gift Book NOW.

Simply collect the coupons (found generally at the back of every packet) of B.D.V. Cigarettes and post to:

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD. (Gift Dept. 70), 54, White Lion Street, E.1.

10 for 6d. **B.D.V.** 20 for 11½d.
CIGARETTES
"—just like hand made"
Plain or Cork Tips

a/s G 15.

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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.

NO MORE SORE EYES.

Styes, Ulcerated or Running Eyes! A new discovery called Iray whitens and clears your eyes of any blemish with amazing quickness and strengthens weak sight. IRAY, the safe eye remedy, is only 2/6 per bottle, post free, and is guaranteed to cure—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Get it to-day—at once—and have clean, healthy eyes. Obtainable only from IRAY LABORATORIES, 46, Gordon Street, Glasgow, C.1.

Your Boy Needs Cuticura Soap

To keep his skin and scalp clean and healthy, and Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings and irritations and to prevent the formation of blackheads and pimples.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Wonderful Hair Grower

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko, the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is desired.

Miss Mary Little, from a photo.

Was Quite Bald.

Gorton.

What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny, just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist, and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair-grower.—Yours gratefully,

Mary Little.

Mrs. N. O'Neill, from a photo.

Milk-White Baldness.

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head from its state of milk-white baldness to its present wonderful thickness of hair. The growth did not start immediately; in fact, I had used nearly two tins before the first signs of renewed growth were to be seen. This was a great joy and almost a surprise to me, as I was beginning to wonder if the roots were dead. I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head in its natural brown colour and thick and curly as the photograph shows.

The new growth of hair is the talk of my neighbours and friends. My grateful appreciation for your good advice, and wishing you every success to Kotalko.—Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

100,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

SEND OR COPY THIS COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... 53 K.T.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 K.T.), LONDON, W.1.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Our Letter Parliament

Cut Out the Middleman!

Food-destroying Sport—Ramping Rates—Who Are Soldiers?

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S pointed remarks in "Who Killed Hodge?" (JOHN BULL, August 6), on the incompetent marketing of English farmers are justly merited. Often the efforts of branches of the Farmers' Union to co-operate in selling dairy produce and meat have failed because the farmers themselves would not back the venture. A Leicestershire farmer recently went to a provision store offering best Stilton cheese at 9d. a lb. The grocer refused, saying he could buy all he needed at 8½d. The same cheese was marked in the window at 1s. 6d.—"*Countryman*," *Leicestershire.*

"*By their Fruits—*"

If bullets grew on shrubs and battleships on trees, the Government would see to it that Britain did not contain a single acre of wasted land. We would not only pay for a Ministry of Agriculture, but actually see some signs of its existence! But Mother Earth's present idea of foodstuff-harvests, to maintain life, leaves Downing Street cold. It is more interested in the opposite policy.—*L. M. S., London.*

Bad Sellers

Farmers could better their lot by organised selling methods. A farmer raised two cows through the winter, and in the summer a dealer came along and made a bid for them which was accepted. Next day another man came to collect, explaining he had bought them from the first dealer. The difference scooped was more than the farmer saw for all his winter's work.—*A., Ilfracombe.*

No Money Left!

Mr. A. G. Gardiner exposes the vicious circle in which the Government argues. A popular appeal against reduction of naval expenditure is our very limited food supply in case of war. Having passed the naval estimates the Government then says that there is no money left to organise the land for increased production.—*M. O. H., Sussex.*

Getting There

The brightest ray in the agricultural problem is the success which is being obtained by roadside sellers of produce. The reason for this success is that the producers are getting direct to the public. Cut out the middlemen's substantial profits and prosperity for the real workers will come.—*A. C., Beds.*

Wake Up, Farmers!

What Denmark, Holland and other countries can do we should be able to do, otherwise it is obvious our conditions are all wrong and should be revised. It is a distinct reproach to this country that we should import so much farm and dairy produce when work for our own people is so badly needed. Our farmers should wake up.—*J. A., Birmingham.*

Content with Crumbs

The British farmer, apparently, has failed to learn that these are the days of organisation and co-operation. The consequence is that he must be content with the crumbs allowed him by organisations and combines. When he realises that by pooling his resources he will be enabled to reach the common objective—and acts—he will become a power in the land.—*W. A. R., Inverarie.*

Successful Syndicate

Five Scottish farmers have formed themselves into a syndicate, and have opened in Arbroath a retail shop in which the sheep and cattle they raise are being sold directly to the public. They started with a cut of 2d. per pound off the prevailing meat prices. The results have been unquestionably successful.—*M. J. M., Forfar.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Symbolic Wreath

War is silly and senseless, says Mr. E. Roffe Thompson; but, as in other things, there are people interested in war because it can be a money-spinner, and the dupes fight for the objectives of men who rate profits above human lives. A German wreath of oak leaves lies at the base of the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The common men and women can make that symbolic of the determination to make the war-mongers fight their own battles and pay the price of their own folly.—*L. W., Liverpool.*

Justices' Justice

As a solicitor of twenty-five years' standing, I can confirm everything Mr. A. F. Holt says in "So This is Justice." But I do not agree that the remedy is more stipendiaries. I should be sorry to lose the lay justice. In my opinion there should be whole-time magistrates' clerks, who should be Civil servants and transferable; areas should be re-grouped, and the clerk and magistrates should be somewhat in the position of judge and jury.—*H., Walsall.*

Foxes' Toll

A recent newspaper report states that since the end of last season the Fox Hunt Committees of the Quorn, Belvoir and Cottesmere districts have had to pay compensation for 15,000 head of poultry destroyed by foxes. This truly substantiates the many outspoken criticisms JOHN BULL has made regarding the uselessness of a so-called sport that perpetuates such wanton destruction of home-produced food.—*E. M., Glasgow.*

Railway Rates

Your article criticising "Puffing Billy" methods is not uncalled for. An agricultural show was held three and a half miles from here. I sent an exhibit weighing 10 lb. by rail, and was charged 1s. In the afternoon my wife, two children (one under three years) and myself went to the show and booked return. The total cost was 1s. 0½d.—"*Fancier*," *Bingley.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PEG'S COMPANION."—"She was gazing over the side of the yacht and suddenly she saw something that made her heart LEAP IN HIS THROAT."

"SELFRIDGE'S CATALOGUE."—"A limited number of Seal Coney COATS made from good quality SKIRTS."

"DAILY MIRROR."—"On the left is a garden party hat of yellow ROSE COLOURED STRAW."

"UNION JACK."—"'Then cut the cackle,' he said from beneath HIS TEETH."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL."—"In the light-weight hunters Mr. —— was first with a BLACK unnamed CHESTNUT gelding."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO."—"The driver and an AMBULANCE HORSE were taken to hospital, where the latter was detained with injuries to both legs."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL."—"For a moment his eyes burned COLDLY."

"ALDINE NOVELS."—"I so manœuvred my body that it was between MYSELF AND THE PRIEST."

"STAR."—"Det.-Sergt. —— said HE was a married WOMAN with a two-months-old baby."

Beer Benefits

Your correspondent, "G. E. W., Devon," points out that the annual expenditure on intoxicating liquor is £301,300,000. Apart from the fact that he overlooks the large number who are in employment as a result of this, he makes the same mistake as hundreds of other teetotal faddists have made of failing to remember that some two-thirds of this money go to the Exchequer and thus benefits the general taxpayer to a very great extent.—*R. M., Edinburgh.*

Precept and Practice

G.P.O. motor-lorries and vans carry a board announcing "Employ Ex-Regular Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen." But war-time men are turned down as not being regular soldiers; post-war regulars are turned down as having no war service, yet a good many hold the Indian General Service and Irak medals for the post-war campaigns.—*Ex-Regular, Indian Frontier.*

Puzzling Problem

Quite recently there appeared in a London daily paper letters on the cost of entertaining the fair daughters of what may be termed the fortunate classes. The cost varies from £5 to £10 for an evening's entertainment. A South Wales paper has been publishing letters from the wives of miners on the problem of providing for a family of five out of a wage of £2 a week. Can it be wondered at that there is unrest and class-dislike prevalent?—*Estoc, Cardiff.*

Ignored Riders

Your correspondent, "W., Glasgow," credits Berry, a late public executioner, with the remark, "A jury will recommend to mercy all who deserve it." Unfortunately, its recommendation carries little weight. The jury recommended to mercy Jacoby, the eighteen-year-old pantry-boy, but it might have saved its breath. If the jury's verdict automatically becomes law, so then should its rider.—*Usher, London.*

Not a Gay Life

Lately in JOHN BULL I have read letters and articles bewailing the life of hospital nurses. Few state that it is in many respects an enviable life, with often a salary of £3 weekly as private nurse. I worked during a period of six years in three hospitals. In neither was there any scrubbing or polishing done by nurses. The food and time off were good, and we were well treated. But no one who looks for a gay time should contemplate this profession.—*W. J. M., Devon.*

Happy Workers

Apropos of Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree's article, "It Pays to Pay," I had the pleasure of looking round Rowntree's well-known cocoa and chocolate factory a year ago. I was particularly struck by the happy faces of the workpeople, the extreme cleanliness of the place, and the facilities there were for amusement, feeding and education. If all our factories were run on the same principles, hot-headed labour agitators would have to find fresh jobs.—*Postmark, Leeds.*

Poor Law Penalty

On January 8 this year, a friend of mine laid down his life—committing suicide on Arbroath Sands—as a protest against the Scottish poor laws, that decree that an able-bodied man, unable to find work, who has not been insured nationally, receives no help unless starvation, etc., has made him weak and ill enough to need medical attention. He is in such a case nursed back to health in some hospital, and when fit is again turned adrift. Will the written message this man left behind him ever reach the right quarter?—*B. A., Scotland.*

SUMMER COLDS

A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that clears the Head, Nose, and Throat.

FOUR CIGARETTES SENT FREE

Summer colds hang about and are even more difficult to get rid of than a winter cold. Many develop into chronic nasal catarrh. That inflamed condition of the mucous membranes of the air passages of the head, nose, and throat may spread to the point where it is incurable, and a danger to life.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers, and berries. The warm smoke vapour is inhaled into the affected air passages, and will go to where sprays, douches, and salves cannot reach. They contain no tobacco or cubebs, and, being harmless, are used by women and children as well as men.

If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, plain nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or are subject to frequent colds, get from any chemist a convenient pocket-size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effects.

FREE Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a package containing four cigarettes will be sent to you quite free, if you will send your request to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121S.C.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

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ALACRITY FOR THE EBOR

Steel-Point and Seradella Dangers in Yorkshire's Big Handicap—Follow Warning Cry—Useful Code Winners—Kerosene for Bath

THE Ebor weights are out, and as I shall not have another chance of referring to the race—except through the medium of the code selections—I must cast my vote this week.

WITH one exception—Chapeau in 1925—the winner in the last half a dozen years has sprung from the over 8 stone division, but I am afraid we shall have to look elsewhere on this occasion. Finglas has too much to do and Pons Asinorum and Review Order have not sustained their reputations. The only one I like is Seradella.

I HAVE had Seradella on my side for several races this season, but so far Fred Darling's splendid-looking mare has not earned her little bit of corn. Her day will come. Lower down the handicap I like the look of Steel-Point, whom I gave as a long shot last week, and Alacrity.

BOTH are light-weights, and as Steel-Point is a big handful for the younger jockeys, I think Alacrity is the safer bet. The gelded son of Achtoi is the property of Lord Beaverbrook, and I hope to see Tommy Weston in the saddle. Several shrewd judges who saw the combination win the Summer Handicap at headquarters by six lengths earmarked Alacrity for the Cesarewitch. Personally I fancy the gelding stands a better chance on the Knavesmire.

Tommy Weston, who may ride Alacrity

AND now for more topical events. This week we have Hurst Park, Bath and Haydock. If my four code selections at the two-day meeting at Hurst Park are as successful as those I gave at Kempton, I shall be quite satisfied. Canfield won at 4 to 1, Rainbow Bridge at 2 to 1, and Jamnagar at 6 to 4. The fourth, Dresden, was beaten a head.

THE Maze Plate owes its name, I believe, to the maze at Hampton Court, and one might easily think so by looking at the entries for the race. At least a dozen horses stand a chance. St. Abbot and Silver Toss—second and third to Rainbow Bridge—are decided possibles, but I am going to take a chance with Warning Cry, who was down the course in the same race. Nothing had a chance with Rainbow Bridge, and it struck me that Warning Cry was second best. The four-year-old meets St. Abbot on 7 lb. better terms.

FATHALLAH has given a miss to one or two engagements since I saw him lose by a short head to Star Saint at A.P. He lost owing to a swerve close home. Fathallah should be above "sellers"—he is by Sardanapale—but he is capable of winning the Wolsey Selling Race in the absence of Squat.

I NOTICE that my old friend Try Try Again pops up in the Fountain Plate on Saturday. On this occasion she has a packet—9 st.—but the event is a high-weight handicap. If the race were well over two miles I should go outright for Mr. Carr's mare, but it is a mile and six furlongs. It is about this distance that Try Try Again begins to realise that there is a race on. The race may provide a turn up in Ian Ban, but, if starting, Try Try Again should be backed each way. Warrior's Star should score in the Nonsuch Plate.

BATH'S principal event, the Summer Handicap, is an interesting race. In the first place only one horse failed to accept, St. Marceaux. Of the fifteen who have bowed to the handicapper more than half are hurdle as well as flat racers. The selected of Mrs. Hartigan's Breezy Heather and Nern Soha will probably be favourite, but I hope Kerosene may turn up at a nice price.

"Soccer" Selections

FOOTBALL in England begins on the 27th of this month. In Scotland the season opens a fortnight earlier. Already a complete set of League matches have been played across the border, while a second programme will be gone through on Saturday next.

FORECASTS FOR AUGUST 27.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Bury, Cardiff, Derby, Everton, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Tottenham.

AWAY WINNER.—Middlesbrough.

DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Burnley, Sheffield U. v. Liverpool.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Blackpool, Grimsby, Port Vale, Reading, Southampton, South Shields.

AWAY WINNERS.—Preston, West Bromwich.

DRAWS.—Notts County v. Bristol City, Wolverhampton v. Manchester City.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Chesterfield, Darlington, Doncaster, Nelson, Stockport, Tranmere, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bradford City, Rochdale.

DRAW.—Crewe v. Halifax.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Brighton, Bristol Rovers, Charlton, Norwich, Plymouth, Queen's Park Rangers, Southend, Watford.

AWAY WINNER.—Swindon.

DRAWS.—Northampton v. Millwall, Torquay v. Exeter.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Celtic, Hearts, Motherwell, Partick, St. Johnstone.

AWAY WINNER.—Hamilton.

DRAWS.—Cowdenbeath v. Glasgow Rangers, St. Mirren v. Dundee.

KEROSENE has had six races this year—four over hurdles, two of which he won, and two flat races, both of which were easy victories. On his last outing he had the useful Saint Reynard behind him.

MY Northern Correspondent advised me not to miss Plover after the three-year-old's win at Thirsk. As the colt is engaged in the Bryn Selling Handicap at Haydock on Saturday, I pass on the hint. I saw Plover win his first race at Newbury last season, and he changed hands for 1,100 gns. Something went wrong with him after this and he changed hands again for a low figure. However, Pollock seems to have got him right again now.

THEY have found another wonder horse to sing the praises of in France, but he is only a two-year-old, so it is perhaps full early to shout about him. However, his connections say that the youngster is the smartest seen out in any country this year, and he is bred on the right lines, being sired by Sardanapale, who is just coming into his own as a sire, and a daughter of Basse Pointe, who was one of the best staying mares they ever had in France. I like the youngster's name—Balmoral. There is a good British twang about it.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

D U J N I M S C O L G X P 3

A H Y 2 Q B Z R V K W E T F

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. RD23QXKA would read CANFIELD.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 17, to Tuesday, August 23.

Hot Dogs to Follow

WE hope in our next few issues to give our readers the names of at least two dogs who are coming from Ireland as strong challengers to the best in this country. When permission has been obtained for them to race on various English tracks the names will be divulged.

IN the meantime little notice must be taken of the recent defeat of Charlie Cranston. Mr. W. R. Stewart's "flyer" is not a machine and must occasionally fail, especially as the luck of the draw is not always favourable. But it should be backed every time it runs.

ALSO in the Manchester kennels we strongly advise consistent support of Mr. J. M. Joyce's Hispanica, Mr. T. Weston's Welcome Promise and Mr. G. Ohlson's Shannon Shora and Scullion. They will each win several races before the end of the season.

AT Blackpool there are several future winners in Mrs. Stafford's Top Piece and Miss Florence's Southern Lass, and a very promising hurdler, Carrow Boy, owned by Capt. T. Frazer, which should do well with further experience.

WHILE there is always an element of luck in hurdle races, there should be little hesitation on the Sheffield track in supporting Mrs. C. Green's Hung Fire, Mr. P. Fagan's Prudent Pat, and Miss Billie Pearson's That's All.

MR. A. E. HESKETH'S representative, Blue Lad, whenever it runs at Liverpool will do someone a good turn one of these days, as will Messrs. R. and H. Patrick's Wembley Surprise and Miss L. Bancroft's Ella Cook. The latter impresses more and more on each occasion it runs.

AS for the White City, while Mr. E. Baxter's Entry Badge, the London champion, and Sir Woodman Burbidge's Westcrofter stand out almost alone, they cannot enter and win every race.

SUPPORT for Mr. L. V. Bolton's Low Brow, the Marquis of Blandford's Mistley, Mr. C. G. Darrell's Persimus, and Mrs. B. Whaley's Judge Jeffries will certainly not be unprofitable when they do not clash with the classic performers.

All keen Sportsmen read
"The Sporting Life"
For All Sport. 2d. Daily.

corns

picked right out

No more corns! Just think of the wonderful relief of freedom from foot torture. It is possible, easy, swift if you put your feet into Radox footbaths for 15 to 20 minutes at a time. Here is a letter from a Radox user and his wife; read what they say:—

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Dover, Kent.

"I had a bad corn on my toe, and the first time I used Radox the corn came right out and has never troubled me since. My wife also had a corn on each little toe as well as callouses on the soles of her feet. Since using Radox Bath Salts she has been able to pick them right off, and where it used to be a misery to walk it is now a pleasure. We use the Radox as per the directions on the packet, and would not be without it. You are at liberty to use our name if you wish.
"Mr. & Mrs. C. VIDLER."
19th July, 1927.

You, too, can banish your corns with ease; for when you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

Ask for Radox at your Chemist. Price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

I'm Plain Mr York of York, Yorks

Try MOTORING CHOCOLATE too!

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Removes the Cause of

INDIGESTION

in both Stomach and Bowel

Because it Supplies the Natural Digestive Ferments.

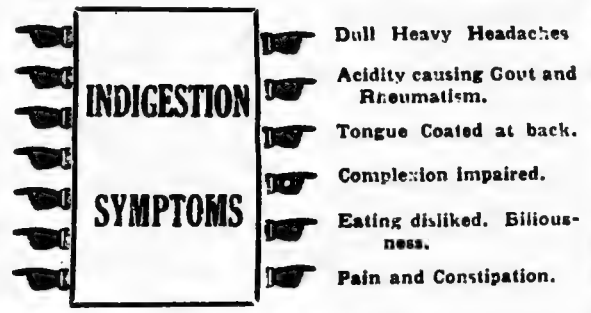
The Cause of Indigestion is always lack of Natural Digestive Ferments in the Stomach and in the Bowel.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Stomach, the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., are not digested, with consequent Heartburn, Acidity and discomfort.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Bowel, the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes and bananas, are not digested there, with consequent Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, and the misery of Constipation.

When CICFA is taken, Digestion becomes normal in both Stomach and Bowel, with gradual disappearance of Pressure, Acidity, Flatulence and Constipation, because CICFA SUPPLIES the NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

That is why CICFA REMOVES THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.



"Gentlemen,—I write this to let you know I have been taking Cicfa tablets for chronic pains in the chest and stomach after eating, and have been a different man ever since I started using them. I have been taking them about seven weeks, and they are the best things I have ever used in my life for the chest and stomach complaints.

"I worked in misery and pain for weeks before I started using your Cicfa tablets. I had tried so many other medicines and none of them had done me any good at all, and I began to give up hope of getting any better. My wife can vouch for this being true. I used to have pains if I only ate bread and butter, and now I can eat anything. I begin to feel now that life is worth living after all. I can tell you life is not worth much when you are at work day after day in pain, but since I started taking your tablets I can work and be happy at it, and laugh and joke with my mates.

"You may make what use you like of this letter. I am a working man in a Nursery, and I am digging most of my time.

"Yours truly, (Signed) E. JOHNS."

19,128 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

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The finest Shaving-edge that Steel will take!

RUN your fingers over your face after using a Gillette Blade. Be critical. Notice especially the corners of the jaw—the point of the chin and other difficult to shave places!

You find smoothness everywhere. Not a trace of beard growth left.

The Gillette Blade is made of the finest blade steel under a perfected process of manufacturing. Vigilant inspections ensure consistent high quality.

Used in combination with the Gillette Safety Razor it is the ideal way to a perfect shave.

In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) ... **4/6**

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

M. C. (Epping).—"I believe in smiling in spite of disappointments." A grin ends chagrin.

R. T. (Boswell).—"I aim to please you." You need lots of target practice.

E. V. (Glasgow).—"I enclose some gardening jokes." They are hardy annuals.

M. F. (Dudley).—"Some people are born good." But most have to make good.

M. P. (Camden Town).—"I have always kept my word." Won't anybody take it?

ENGINEER (Westerley).—"I've invented an excellent silencer." That's nothing. We know a man who married one.

CAROLINE (Widnes).—"Many men will be miserable when I marry." It depends on how many you marry.

E. V. (Bury).—"What is meant by the sleeping watches of the night?" The ones that people forget to wind up.

E. W. (Holborn).—"Her father was once a famous footballer." Better interview him when he's got soft slippers on.

A. T. (Swindon).—"He's a wealthy man, but his English is atrocious." What's his Scotch like?

G. M. (Hendon).—"I agree with everything my wife says." How annoying for her.

L. T. (Amhurst).—"The human machine requires fuel." Yes? Well go and eat coke.

M. L. (Salton).—"How can an artist achieve success?" He must learn to draw crowds—round his pictures.

E. B. (Uxbridge).—"I frequently go to hospitals and recite to the patients." They probably feel much better when you've finished.

P. G. (Balham).—"How do women manage to remain young and fashionable for so long?" They keep their hair light and age dark.

N. J. (Dover).—"It's a mistake to underrate my intelligence." It's impossible.

L. N. (Harrow).—"I got up to recite and I couldn't remember a word of the poem." Some audiences have all the luck.

S. L. (Rye).—"She looked into my face and smiled." It was rather unkind of her to show amusement at another's misfortune.

D. M. (Chalfont).—"I asked him for an increase in wages and he said he was thinking of decreasing them." He evidently finds it difficult to raise your salary.

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is not content to say, "We told you so!" Even if you have been bitten after warning, it will show the way to get your own back. Tell all about it (in ink), send stamped, addressed envelope, and a staff of experts will show the way out of your trouble, whatever it is.

B. E. (Hove).—"I am a reserved girl." For whom?

E. G. (London, S.E.).—"What sort of eggs do eagles lay?" Eagles' eggs.

W. B. (Denton).—"I say what I think." You're quite right. Silence is golden.

F. M. (London, N.).—"She's a curious woman." There's no other sort.

T. B. (Yeston).—"I slid down the water-pipe." You must be rather thin.

T. N. (Holborn).—"I like to lie in bed." Is that where you write your letters?

M. U. G. (Pontefract).—"Sympathy is always welcome." Well, you have ours for your unfortunate initials.

N. B. (Purley).—"There are a lot of pigeons in London." And many are plucked.

B. T. (Highgate).—"I know a word that is generally pronounced wrongly." Yes; wrongly.

L. T. (King's Cross).—"I did a lot of hard thinking." Yes, you would find it hard.

P. N. (Bradford).—"Can a mannequin earn a lot of money?" It depends on the figure.

E. B. (Canterbury).—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." You have absolutely no cause for alarm.

B. W. (Liverpool).—"Could you lend me a fiver for a month old man?" A month old man is a baby boy.

M. C. T. (Lancs).—"A man is born either a king or a fool." Well, we shan't address you as "Your Majesty"!

D. C. (Worthing).—"I went fishing and got a bite within two minutes." Where were you bitten?

MRS. T. (Bewdley).—"I am very deaf in one ear." Then you cannot hear both sides.

S. J. (Brentwood).—"I sent my boy to a public school although I started life as a farm labourer." You to harrow and he to Eton?

A. V. (Belmont).—"He's looking for a soft job." All the positions as mattress-testers in feather-bed factories have been filled up long ago.

K. V. (Tenbury).—"Our new neighbours have a son who is always leaping over the wall into our garden uninvited." The young bounder!

"AMATEUR ACTOR" (Barnes).—"We had a real cold roast fowl served in the supper-table scene of our play." So you all got the bird!

D. E. (Leeds).—"After I have taken a long holiday I always find it so difficult to settle down." Many people, in the same circumstances, find it more difficult to settle up.

H. C. G. (Westgate-on-Sea).—"I have been staying for some weeks with my two maiden aunts, both of whom weigh over sixteen stone." You seem to have been living on the fat of the land.

MARJORIE L. (Bognor).—"Though he had offered to teach me to swim, he failed several times to save me from sinking." He seems to have let you down rather badly.

N. D. (Aylesford).—"It is painful to me to have to ask you for this small loan, and I only wish I could do without money altogether." Afraid you'll have to do without ours.

E. T. (Goole).—"My face is my fortune." Poor girl.

N. A. L. (Glasgow).—"He talks very big." Then we bet he does very little.

B. B. (Stokesley).—"Marriage is a lottery." And the prizes are little ones.

E. D. (Wanstead).—"He never asked me how I was." Perhaps he didn't care.

NORMAN (Manx).—"I am descended from William the Conqueror." How have the mighty fallen!

S. T. (Oxford).—"I am highly strung." After reading your letter, we could almost wish you were.

D. N. (Newport).—"Rub an onion on a wasp's sting." But it's such a trouble to catch the little creatures!

V. R. (Belfast).—"Only an idiot cannot make his meaning plain." We do not understand you.

T. L. (Newnham).—"My wife asked me what I should have been if it hadn't been for her money." Easy. A bachelor.

S. C. (Southbourne).—"I am lucky at cards, but unlucky at racing." Perhaps you don't shuffle the horses.

T. A. E. (Ilford).—"Why is a ship called 'she'?" Because it costs so much to rig one out.

T. S. E. (Bridlington).—"This story is original." Then for goodness' sake copy somebody next time.

W. I. (Southend).—"Something always turns up." For the man who turns up his sleeves.

F. E. S. (Gorleston).—"My girl can keep a secret." Don't you know whether she intends to marry you yet?

C. A. (Bolton).—"There ought to be a Fresh Air Fund for grown-ups." There is. We offer scores of £10 and £5 Holiday Prizes on page 35.

R. E. (Leith).—"I always like to go as far as I can see." We always like to see as far as we intend to go.

NANCY (Mitcham).—"Now the plot about me thickens." You must have sown very good grass seed.

E. J. (Tiptree).—"I have descended from one of the great Yorkshire houses." What were you up for? Painting or roof repairs?

J. F. (Handcross).—"I'm tired of doing wrong and want to do right in the future." Then turn to the right and keep straight on.

A. W. N. (Lewisham).—"Did my letter interest you?" No—it made us want to put a "Y" in front of your initials.

G. C. (Charing Cross).—"The recent escapes of snakes on the public roads is quite alarming." It certainly will be for those going home with the milk.

D. G. (Reading).—"A visitor at Brighton died from bathing after over-eating." Please send us the name of the boarding-house.

E. W. (Ardwick).—"Did you hear that Russian composer over the wireless?" Goodness, was that it? We thought our machine had gone wrong, and pulled it to pieces.

N. M. (Fareham).—"My brother—a long-distance swimmer—is going to attempt the Channel." Were he a short-distance swimmer, there'd be something to brag about.

P. E. (Waddington).—"A true woman is proud to confess her age." Partly.

MRS. G. (Sunningdale).—"A clever woman makes every little thing count." She must be an infant-school mistress.

MERCY (Radcliffe).—"What is meant by diplomatic relations?" Sarcasm. No relations are diplomatic.

MRS. R. (Hove).—"Both I and my husband are bothered with rheumatism." Why don't you take joint action against it?

L. J. (Cockermouth).—"It's as true as that London is the capital of England." And watered capital at that, just now.

MRS. F. F. (Poole).—"Husband and wife take each other for better or worse." Without knowing which.

MRS. F. (Napton).—"Smoking in railway carriages makes me feel sick." Why not give it up, dear lady?

MISS E. (Wakefield).—"No one knows the anguish of a jilted girl." Oh, yes, they do—if they are within earshot.

G. H. (Pinner).—"Do you think you're writing for idiots?" You almost make us think so.

M. G. D. (Cockermouth).—"Why don't you run a series on the good of a Channel tunnel?" It's too big a bore.

MRS. N. (Birch).—"Few men provide their wives half enough for decent clothes." So that's why women go about half dressed!

MRS. C. (Hull).—"We fell out and she hit me with a mallet and I screamed." Going at it hammer and tongues, so to speak.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

How Colgate's Lather makes a fine shave

1. The soap in the lather removes the oil film that covers every hair.

2. With the oil film gone, the millions of tiny moisture bubbles in the lather carry an abundance of water down to the base of the beard and hold it there.

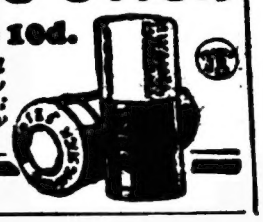
Your beard becomes wringing wet and properly softened. When you shave the razor works quickly and easily; it cuts cleanly, close to the skin. Your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Softens the Beard at the Base

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

Now Reduced to 10d.

In Handsome Nickel Box 1/-; in "Handy Grip" Nickel Box, 1/3; Refills for Handy Grip, 10d.



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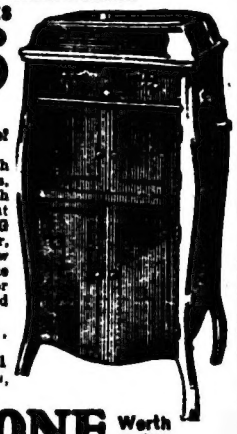

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2/- WEEKLY YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST

B.S.A., TRIUMPH, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, ARIEL, SWIFT, NEW HUDSON, ELSWICK, HERCULES, B. & C., &c.
Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. On 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory.
Packed free and Carriage paid.
Easy Payments arranged to suit you.

Cash Prices from £4:19:6
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THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO.
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SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES of **81** SQ. FT. **LOVELY PATTERNS** for **15/-**

— the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world — in rolls 2 yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned. Write for coloured lists.

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You may now secure any Ewbank Model Mangle or Washing Machine on easy payment terms from 1/6 weekly. Ewbank products are World's Best and we can supply a Mangle, Wringing or Washing Machine suitable for Flat, Villa or Laundry.

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UKULELE BANJO 15/-

Bring the haunting melodies of the Southern Seas into your home. No party is complete without this strongly built full-sized Ukulele Banjo. Wonderful tone. Selected vellum. Rosewood pegs.

FREE with each instrument—Lightning Tutor and Patent Pleetrum. Send to-day 15/- Cash or 3/- down and 3/- on delivery.

JAZZ DRUM SETS Cash or Terms. Actual Manufacturer. Send for List.

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HARDING'S HAND PROPELLED & MOTOR DRIVEN **INVALID CARS** have earned the gratitude of many hundreds of invalids.

Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, Stair Carrying & Folding Chairs, from 56/-

Lever & Rotary From £12 Carriage Paid

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The World's Biggest Bicycle Bargain **£4/4/-**

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Specification: Frame 22in., 24in., 26in. Heavily plated Dunlop Rims. Beautifully lined "Rustproof" Frame with 4 coats enamel. Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Double Lever Roller Brakes. Guaranteed for 50 years. British made throughout. Carriage paid

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Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Serts, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35.)

100 Holiday Prizes of £5:

S. H. Adams, 52, Childebert Rd., Upper Tooting.
B. T. Allen, 54, Elsmore Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
G. S. Aubrey, 19, Hazelbury Rd., Edmonton, N.
A. Baird, 85, Longrow, Campbeltown, Argyllshire.
H. Baker, 2, Allington Cotts., Lilliput, Parkstone.
A. E. Bander, "Maymyo," Winifred Rd., Bedford.
G. E. Banks, 27, Elmdale Rd., Walton, Liverpool.
G. Bennett, 36, Cobbold St., Ipswich.
A. Born, 60, Mann St., Walworth, S.E.
Mrs. Bradsworth, 30, Pole Street, Nottingham.
Miss G. E. Brown, 15, Bernard St., Nottingham.
H. Brown, 71, Donnington Wood, Wellington, Salop.
J. W. Burstall, 2, Hone Cottages, Maidstone.
J. Butler, 3, Drakefield Rd., West Derby, Liverpool.
Mrs. Butterworth, 3, Butterworth St., Radcliffe.
J. F. Camlin, 107, Belmont Rd., Belfast.
W. Camp, 29, Florence Rd., Chichester, Sussex.
W. T. Carr, 132, High St., Laurencekirk.
Mrs. A. Cartwright, 18, Lower Marshe, Manchester.
F. Chard, 15, Chamberlain Rd., St. Thomas, Exeter.
S. Childs, Works Dept., Bank of England.
A. Chorlton, 27, Queen's Drive, West Derby, L'pool.
L. Coates, 122, Spring Bank, Hull.
W. H. Cole, 19, Awlfield Av., Tottenham, N.
E. T. Cooksey, 24, Bromwich Rd., Sheffield.
E. Coombes, 38, Ellerby Grove, Southcoates, Hull.
Mrs. Cooper, "Armstead," Victoria Rd., Mablethorpe.
Miss Cornelius, 47, Silverdale Rd., Tunbridge Wells.
Mrs. C. Coughlon, 72, Cornhill Terr., Leith.
E. A. Day, 15, Radnor St., Swindon, Wilts.
A. Dean, 34, Easton, near Newbury, Berks.
Miss F. de Ritter, 24, The Crescent, Loughton.
W. De Winton, 165, Highbury Hill, London, N.
R. Dixon, "Claremont," Crookings Lane, Pewortham.
Mrs. H. Dutton, 12, Grays Rd., Godalming.
W. Elger, 4, Benson St., Stanley, Co. Durham.
A. W. Evans, 43, Fore St., Taunton, Som.
E. Feltham, 54, Harnham Rd., Salisbury.
Mrs. Forbes, 31, Caird Drive, Partick, Glasgow.
H. J. Franklin, 7, Cherry Tree Crescent, Bristol.
A. E. Gilbert, 9, Hewitt St., Hightown, Manchester.
W. C. Gleed, 20, Mansfield St., Bristol.
Mrs. Godfrey, 148, Tachbrook St., Victoria, S.W.
S. G. Gilbert, 55, Kidderminster Rd., Croydon.
J. J. Hains, 62, Emerson Rd., Poole, Dorset.
Mrs. A. Hall, 64, Millstone Lane, Nantwich.
J. D. Hanna, Stonehenge Stores, Durrington, Wilts.
H. Harsant, 72, Laurel Grove, Penge, Surrey.
S. M. Hatherley, 43a, Trentham St., Southfields.
Mrs. J. Hawke, 54, South View, Heaton, Newcastle.
P. Hewitt, 5, Beech Av., Garden Village, Hull.
Miss M. E. Hill, 42, Kennington Av., Bristol.
J. Holmes, 46, Halifax Rd., Cullingworth, Bradford.
B. Jones, The Park, Lower Machen, Newport, Mon.
J. H. Jones, 15, Bridge St., Denbigh, N. Wales.
E. T. Knight, Priory Crescent, Usk, Mon.
C. Laing, 20, Brook Terr., Slaithwaite.
M. S. Lofting, 17, Wolseley Av., London, S.W.
A. W. Lusty, 81, Triangle, Bath.
C. Lusty, Hotel San Giorgio, Lenno, Lake Como.
H. Macey, 14, Orchard Hill, Carshalton, Surrey.
W. A. Maher, 8, Oaklands Park, Dublin.
G. Martin, 3, Mansel Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.
T. J. Martin, 131, Park Rd., Worthing.
W. Matthews, Sheering Mill Rd., Sawbridgeworth.
S. H. Miller, 409, Brixton Rd., London, S.W.
J. M. Milligan, 225, Crookston St., Glasgow.
D. Mills, 30, Shirley High St., Southampton.
Mrs. M. Mindham, The Chase, Kings Lynn.
G. R. Newton, 96, Lowfield Rd., Stockport.
W. Osborne, 3, Wharncliffe Crescent, Bradford.
Mrs. C. G. Osmon, 1, Cowper Rd., Stoke Newington.
Mrs. Phillips, New Inn Cotts., Trimsaran, Kidwelly.
W. R. Purdy, High Street, Billericay, Essex.
Mrs. J. O. Ramsay, Provost Wynd, Cupar, Fife.
E. Randall, 6, Keyham St., Devonport.
G. G. Richards, Rectory Rd., Farnborough, Hants.
G. Roberts, Hewley Villa, Eston, Yorks.
H. C. Roberts, 77, Lorne Rd., Bath.
M. Ross, 51, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Miss H. Sagar, 72, Duckworth Terr., Bradford.
Mrs. E. Seward, 5, Durngate St., Dorchester.
B. W. Shore, 64, Hillside, Farnborough, Bath.
C. Simpson, 52, Bridge St., Stratford-on-Avon.
S. Smythe, 1, Hanover Park, Peckham, S.E.
Miss Spalding, 18, Suffield Rd., Gorleston-on-Sea.
T. Tatlow, 140, Leacroft Rd., Derby.
J. B. Taylor, 5, Jerningham St., Stafford.
W. Trussell, 11, Market St., Brighton.
H. Tylar, 257, The Broadway, Birchfields, B'ham.
S. Vance, 22, Oak St., West Gorton, Manchester.
J. Watkins, Newgarden, Llandilo-Graban, Erwood.
Miss L. Watson, The Glebe, Dalkeith.
G. Wenborn, 164, Star Lane, Plaistow, E.
Mrs. S. A. Westaway, The Cabin, Widcombe, Bath.
R. J. Whiteman, 318, West Green Rd., Tottenham, N.
Mrs. M. Wilkinson, 22, Eagle St., Coventry.
J. H. Woodroffe, c/o 25, Raynham St., Hertford.
A. Wright, Church Lane, Rickinghall, Diss.
R. Young, Ranie House, Neilston, Renfrewshire.

A Complete List of 200 5/- and 500 2/6 Prizewinners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

A Parson's Appeal

Preaching and Practising a Mission of Mercy

IT is good to know that so many parsons nowadays realise that they have not only the duty of administering to the spiritual needs of those among whom they labour, but also have laid upon them the obligation of making provision where possible for the material necessities of those who are in dire distress.

A preacher of very practical Christianity, whose heart is larger than the means at his disposal to relieve suffering, recently sent us the following letter:

"I write on behalf of one of my parishioners who has been a registered reader of your paper for some years. He is in dire circumstances owing to an internal cancer on which the doctors cannot operate.

"He has done no work for over twelve months and is in receipt of only a few shillings a week to maintain his wife and three children, the latter all under nine years.

"They have pawned or sold everything of value and spent their few savings. I have never met a more deserving case and I wondered if 'The Greatest of These——' Fund could help him.

"I am doing all I can to help him, but it doesn't amount to much in a parish of 11,000. He needs good support, for he is a mere shadow of his former self and will never be able to work again.

"If anything, however small, could be done for him, it would meet a real need."

AN appeal of this character is sadly commonplace to us, but we print it as evidence that the cases of distress helped by "The Greatest of These——" Fund are not only well vouched for, but are cases in which all other sources of assistance have been exhausted.

Through the multitude of the applications which we receive and the limited amount of the means at our disposal, we are compelled to refuse help to all except those who so far as we are able to ascertain are in direst need.

We earnestly entreat our readers to help us by their subscriptions to extend this mission of mercy. Not a penny of their donations is deducted for administration expenses.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. H. Cantelo (Ryde), 2s. 6d.; A. E. W. (Merton), 5s.; J. E. S., 3s. 6d.; Thankful Hearts, 1s.; Anon. (I.O.W.), 5s.; L. H. (Notting Hill), 6s. 6d.; A. R. Reader, 4s.; H. Crausay and Children (with Parcel), 1s. 6d.; South. Admirer, 2s.; A. M. (Perry (Calne), 6d.; Mr. C. Watson (Bolton), 5s.; Mr. J. Baxter (Nuneaton), 1s.; Cwmt (Brighton), 5s.; Mr. J. Hooper (Liverpool), 6d.; M. S., 1s.; J. E. S., 1s.; M. Glasgow, 10s.; Doreen, 6d.; Mrs. E. Bell (Sheffield), 5s.; J. G. B. (Bodmin), 1s.; W. J. K., 6d.; E. H. R., 6d.; Grateful (Keswick), 5s.; Newcastle-u.-Tyne, £1; Wm. Kingston and Friends (Ontario), £1; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Lucky (Chester), 6d.; D. H. C., 2s. 6d.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Mr. W. Bonnell, 6d.; Frederick Young (Ipswich), 2s. 6d.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; Fag, 7s. 6d.; A Regular Reader (Cleckheaton), 2s. 6d.; S. A. G., 1s.; J. H.44, 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Dick, 2s. 6d.; W. W. Vicarey (Cheetham), 6d.; Mrs. J. Gunn, 1s.; Mrs. F. Goodings, 4s.; T. Alfold (Wembley), £1; J. D. Jefferson, £1; A. Balberine (Albania), 1s.; M. M. (Bethnal Green), 2s.; Anon. (St. Helens), 1s.; A. Lowe (Swaffham), 6d.; Mrs. M. Ramsay (Ulverston), 5s.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; A Mite (Derby), 2s.; Cadet-Colonel A. W. Oyler, £1 1s.; G. T. (Woolwich), 5s.; Jessie (A Sixpence for Luck), 1s.; A. Campbell (Lundin Links), 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch (Wick), 5s.; W. F. Rees, 10s.; R. R. Woolley, 2s. 6d.; Southampton, 2s. 6d.; A. Broderick, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Donald Cameron, 3s.; M. S., 1s.; Wellwisher, 1s.; J. Wallace (Birmingam), 1s.; Mr. Moody (with love), 1s.; B. M., 5s.; Gilbert Milton, 6d.; T. L. Skinner (Reading), 14s.; Ex-Sgt. John Moyle (Frosterley), £1 6s.; Mr. Walter Grierson (Wakefield), 5s.; Mr. A. M. Smith (Kilmarnock), 10s.; G. Baker (Handsworth), 10s.; G. & G. Wormley, 2s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Mr. E. W. Rufty, Joan of Dulwich, Anon. (for the very poor).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 645.

FIRST PRIZE OF £400:

Mr. W. D. CLARK,
39, Canonbury Square, London, N.

Example:—IN AUGUST
Bullet:—AGAIN—"GOOD-BYE, PICCADILLY!"

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. HAY, 16, Newhaven Road, Leith, N.B.

Example:—WHY I'M POOR
Bullet:—THROUGH SAYING "POOR ME!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. W. RACE, Craghead, Co. Durham.

Example:—ONE DAY
Bullet:—*Playing Fields* WANTING *Children.*

20 Holiday Prizes of £6:

J. ANDERSON, 1, Dorset Street, Glasgow.
FOR A REST—BOSS DEPARTED—OFFICE-BOY RETURNS.

C. BENNETT, Cave House, near Brendon, N. Devon.
ABOUT TIME—GOVERNMENT TACKLED EXCESS *Losses.*

P. CHAMBERLAIN, 35, Nova Road, West Croydon.
ABOUT TIME—TIDE "WAITED ON" MAN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

T. DAWSON, 7, Gertrude Road, West Bridgford, Notts.
WHY I'M POOR—OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED—"ME OUT."

L. H. EDWARDS, 180, Bellingham Road, Catford, S.E.
WHAT IS THE SEASIDE?—ONLY "DOCTOR" THAT ADVERTISES.

C. W. ELLINGTON, 130, Coton Road, Nuneaton.
THE VERDICT—"MINE-OWNERS GUILTY"—MINERS PUNISHED.

Miss A. HATCH, 10, Armstrong Street, Horwich, Bolton.
AT HER BEST—BABY'S EYES HER "MIRROR."

R. JAMES, 14, Lower Bailey Street, Brynmawr.
ABOUT TIME—*Industries* STARTED "TEAM BUILDING."

K. JOHNSON, Prenton Dell Road, Prenton.
REACHING THE TOP—A TALE OF *Go.*

T. J. LEWIS, 209, Boston Road, Hanwell, W.
FORGETTING—HARD, WHEN ONE'S FORGOTTEN.

T. LOWE, 10, Stanway Street, Moston, Manchester.
HARD TO FACE—CREDITORS—TILL REALLY BANKRUPT.

F. G. MARKHAM, Claypits, Goodnestone, Canterbury.
WHY I'M POOR—ASKED RISE—GOT PARTNERSHIP.

Miss A. MARSH, 165, Highbury-Hill, London, N.
HOLIDAY WEATHER—"OUTSTANDING"; WHEN IT'S "SETTLED."

P. NUNEHAM, 18, Stanwick Road, West Kensington, W.
HOLIDAY WEATHER—"TONIC"—OR "COUGH MIXTURE."

Mrs. C. PEASE, 23A, Edgerton, Huddersfield.
HER GRIEVANCE—SHE'S "*No Wage* SLAVE."

F. J. SHIRE, Bason Bridge, Highbridge, Som.
FORGETTING—NATIONS—BUT MOTHERS REMEMBER.

Mrs. J. G. TICKNER, 9, Gladstone Road, Chester.
WHY I'M POOR—GAVE ENGLAND MY "TREASURE."

A. H. TURNER, 10, Ringwood Road, Eastney, Portsmouth.
HER GRIEVANCE—HER HERO WORSHIPS—HIMSELF.

Mrs. C. WATTS, 1, Ewlyn Road, Cheltenham Spa.
ABOUT TIME—GOVERNMENT "PULLED *Together Themselves.*"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. W. WHITE, 8, Tyne Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
IF TRUTH WERE TOLD—"BEST THINGS." *Deplete* WARDROBE.

(*Continued on page 34.*)

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets.* All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—ARMAMENTS RACE
Bullet:—"ARREST"—DON'T "RUN IN."

Example:—YOUNG ENGLAND
Bullet:—OUR HOPE—WHAT'S THEIRS?

Example:—MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT
Bullet:—FOREIGNERS "MAKING THINGS" EASIER.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 647

THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY
BEFORE HER
WATCHING THE BATHERS
THE WEATHER
THE LATEST SPORT
IN TIME
SHOWED HE LOVED HER
AFTER THE FIRE
SAID TO THE PIERROT
LADY LECTURER
THROWING MONEY AWAY
ON SUNDAY
NOW WE'RE MARRIED
SCOTCH COMEDIAN
WHEN HE'S BUSY
NERVOUSLY
AGREES WITH ME
A SHARPER
SEEN ON HOLIDAY
ALARMING
LIKE AN ELEPHANT
TOO OLD
WHAT THE PAINTER SAID
WITH INTEREST
SORRY
POOR BOY
SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN
BABY'S WAY
CUPID BY THE SEA
GATHERING FRUIT
WITH A BANG
WHAT IS A DISAPPOINTMENT?

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 647, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(647) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules, and conditions announced on page 34.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(647) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(647) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 25.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(647) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 647 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Instant RELIEF for the RUPTURED

Thousands of Sufferers Throwing Away Cumbersome Trusses After Trying This Wonderful Appliance Which Heals Without Operation, Delay or Danger

Prove it Yourself——at our Risk

Are you putting up with pain or disability through rupture? There is no need. Obtain relief at once. Thousands have already freed themselves from rupture. So can you if you will follow their example and send for particulars of our generous Trial offer.

For over 30 years we have been successfully treating cases of rupture identical with yours. Many had already been given up as incurable. Yet Brooks brought relief. This is because the Brooks Appliance succeeds where others fail. It does away with the old-fashioned, dangerous truss. It does not rely upon salves, medicine or ointment. Nor do springs or metal enter into it. Directly you fit it, you can feel that it is holding the rupture. Pain and discomfort cease. You can move about and carry on your ordinary work in freedom and safety. Don't take our word for it. Prove these claims for yourself — free of all risk. We send the Brooks Appliance for you to try, and return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Could anything be fairer?

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co. Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

1,400 Doctors have given it their personal recommendation & support

During the past 30 years the Brooks Appliance has brought relief to even the most obstinate cases of rupture. We have thousands of testimonials to prove it. It is different in construction and effect from anything else. Many users have declared themselves, after a short time, completely cured. No matter what remedies you may have tried before, there is still hope for you if you will put your case in our hands.

Remember, the Brooks Rupture Appliance has no clumsy metal springs, no hard, uncomfortable pads to chafe or bruise. It is soft and pliable. So gentle in action that you easily forget you are wearing it, and its presence cannot be detected even through the lightest clothing. Yet it holds the rupture firmly and safely. Nothing will throw it out of position. The broken parts are brought and held together and given an opportunity to mend.

So successful has been the Brooks Appliance, that a host of imitators have tried to copy it, but British courts have decided that it is not a Brooks Appliance unless Brooks makes it. The Brooks treatment is known by its astounding successes all over the world. Over 514,000 men, women, and children of 12 different nationalities have testified to its efficiency.

You can obtain individual fitting service in private rooms at either our London or our new Manchester premises. Trained nurses and experienced attendants for ladies and gentlemen will give you expert service and attention. You can be sure of having an Appliance which is exactly suited to your special case. No charge is made for fitting and advice over and above the cost of the Appliance. This is priced so as to be within the reach of every sufferer.

You cannot buy the Brooks Appliance in Shops in Great Britain.

Special postal arrangements have been made for those who are unable to make a personal call at either our London or Manchester premises. Self-measurement forms are provided to make it easy for you to ensure a correct and comfortable fitting which brings relief. Personal consultations are numerous, but the number of clients who have been entirely satisfied through the post is surprisingly large.

The time to act is NOW. Don't put it off another day, but fill in the coupon below, and post it at once. It does not involve you in the slightest obligation. We make you the sole judge and return your money if you are not fully satisfied.

If your Doctor says its rupture -see Brooks

Ten Ways in which the Brooks Appliance can help YOU.

1. It gives you combined results of 30 years of experience.
2. The Appliance for retaining the Rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely yet never irritates.
4. Unlike the Truss, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and cannot be detected through clothing.
6. Soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing harness.
7. When soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least, and always be kept perfectly clean.
8. No metal springs to chafe and bruise or cause soreness.
9. *BRITISH MADE.* All the material is of the best obtainable, making it durable and safe.
10. 30 years of straight forward dealing, combined with reasonable prices, guarantee complete satisfaction. You can fill in the coupon with perfect confidence.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

Brooks Appliance Co. Ltd. (387 M), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
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